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NASBY IN EXILE.

The Confederate X Roads Sage in Europe.

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IV.

Some More About London—Especially as to What the Londoners Quench Their Thirst With.

Speaking within bounds, I should say that one half of England is engaged in manufacturing beer for the other half. Possibly it takes two-thirds of the entire population to make beer enough for the other third, but I think an equal division would be about the thing. The British public is very drouthy.

One is astounded at the amount of drinking that is done here. Go where you will, turn whichever way you choose, the inevitable "public," or the "pub" as they say between drinks, stares you in the face. And on the streets every other vehicle you see is a vast, massive, clumsy trunk, loaded either with full kegs for the publics, or taking away empty ones.

The British public house is not the same thing as the American. Except in a few instances you see none of the glass and mahogany palaces of New York, you see none of the flashy bars with plate glass, silver rails, elegant glassware, and the gorgeous bar tender with diamonds as large as hickory nuts.

The London public house is a dingy affair, the dingier the better, with barrels piled upon barrels, and cob-webs as plenty as liquor. There is a wild superstition prevalent that age has something to do with the quality of liquor, and therefore, every place devoted to the sale or handling of the stuff, assumes as much of a Methuselan appearance as possible. You are to have a party of friends at your lodgings we will say. You must have at least two kinds of liquor to entertain them withal, for no Englishman does anything without moistening his clay, and his clay is of a variety that absorbs a great deal of moisture. You pay for it and the man sends home the bottles.

Now an American liquor dealer would carefully wipe the bottles, and they would be delivered at your house as clean and tidy as a clean shirt, but not so here. They are sent with dust on them, and with cob-webs on them, and to brush off the dust would be sacrilege. That dust is a sort of patent—a testimonial to its age, and consequently a guarantee of its excellence.

I mortally offended one liquor dealer by asking him to show me his machine for dusting bottles, and also would be kindly explain to me his process for cob-webbing them, and was it expensive to keep spiders. The man actually resented it—was angry about it. Singular how sensitive the Islanders can be about trifles like that! To keep spiders for the manufacture of cobwebs would be more enterprising than to buy cobwebs, and no American would dust bottles by hand, when a very simple machine could be devised for the purpose.

The British landlord don't set the bottle before his customer as his brother does in free and enlightened America. Now at home,—as I have been told by those who frequent bar-rooms—the barkeeper sets before his customer a bottle of the liquor he prefers, and the drouthy man helps himself to such quantity as he deems sufficient for the purpose desired. If he is fixing himself for a common rio, he takes a certain quantity; if for a murder, more or less, according to how aggravated the crime is to be. A man would take more to fit himself to kill his wife than he would for his mother in-law, and the wife killing draught is at the same price as the mother in law annihilator.

But over here the bar-maid measures your liquor. You may have three pen'orth, four pens'orth or sixpen'orth. It is measured out to you and handed to you, and you swallow it and go away.

I remonstrated with one proprietor as to the absurdity of the custom, and the meanness of it.

"I will show you the reason for it," he said quietly. Just then a bold Briton came in and the landlord directed the maid behind the bar to set down a bottle. The astonished customer was invited to help himself, after the American custom. He was an astonished Briton, but he managed to express his gratification at the innovation. Seizing the bottle he poured out an ordinary dinner tumbler full, and looking grieved because the glass was no larger, drank it off without a wink.

I could easily see why the British landlord measures the liquor to the British public. Two such customers on the American plan would bankrupt a very opulent proprietor.

The quality of liquor used by the better classes is perhaps a trifle better than those consumed in America, at least so I have been informed by those who use liquors. Vast quantities of brandy are imported from France, and it is so cheap there that it doubtless approximates to purity. The whiskeys drank are entirely Scotch and Irish, the English making none whatever. Wines are consumed in great quantities, and there is no question as to the purity of the cheaper grades, which is to say they are undoubtedly the pure juice of the grape. The duty on wines is so small that there is no inducement, as in America, for the manufacture of bogus varieties.

But the liquors consumed in London by the lower classes are probably the most execrable and vile that the ingenuity of the haters of mankind have ever invented. The brandy they drink is liquid lightning—chain lightning—which goes crashing through the system breaking down and destroying every pulsation towards anything good. The gin—well, their gin is the very acme, the absolute summit, of vileness. There is a quarrel in every gill of it, a wife beating in every pint, and a murder in every quart. A smell of a glass of it nearly drove me to criminal recklessness.

And yet they all drink it, and especially the women. The most disgusting sight the world can produce is a London gin drinking woman standing at a bar waiting feverishly for her "drain," with unkempt hair, a small but intensely dirty shawl, with stockingless feet, and shoes down at the heel, with eyes rheumy and watery, that twinkle with gin light out from the obscurity of gin-swelled flesh, with a face on which the scorching fingers of a depraved appetite have set red lines, as ineffaceable as though they had been placed there by red hot iron, every one of which is the unavailing protest of a long-outraged stomach. There she stands a blotch upon the face of nature and a satire upon womanhood. It is difficult to realize that this bloated mass was once a fair young girl, and had a mother who loved her, and it is equally difficult to comprehend how any power, even that of nature, could ever make use of it. But the elements are kindly to man. When they have done their work, sweet flowers may grow out of this putridity.

In America this sort of being exists, but it is herded somewhere out of sight. It does not stand at the bars in the best streets to offend the eyes of decent people. But it is everywhere here. It is in the Strand and on Piccadilly and Regent streets.

The average Englisman of the lower and even the middle classes dearly loves to booze. Drunkenness is not the result either of convivisity or deperation as it is in other countries. It is the one thing longed for and set deliberately about. Rare John Leech, illustrated it in his picture in Punch, years ago. A man was lying very drunk at the foot of a lamp-post. A benevolent old lady of the Exeter Hall school seeing him, called a cabman. "The poor man is sick," quoth the kindly dame "why don't you help him?" "Sick, is he," replied Cabby, "sick! don't I wish I had just 'arf of wot ails 'im," and the cabby spoke the honest sentiments of his heart. The Londoner of his class loves it for the effect it has upon him, and as he accomplishes his design with English gin, he carries with him a breath that suggests the tomb of a not very ancient king, a breath which has a density, a center as one might say. At 12 o'clock, Saturday night, he would fight a rattlesnake and give the snake the first bite. Were a venemous snake to bite such an Englishman the man would never know it, for alcohol is a sure cure for reptilian poison, but the poor snake would wriggle faintly away to some secluded spot and die sadly. That is why, I presume, I have seen no rattlesnakes in London. They cannot safely prosecute the business for which they were created. They are similarly worried I believe in West Virginia.

To drink this vile stuff successfully one would want his stomach glass lined and backed up with fire brick. I never would attempt it except as the man did in Kentucky. He walked into a bar and distrusting the quality of the whisky called up a negro and gave him a glass before drinking his own. The landlord divining his purpose knocked the glass out of the negro's hand. "No you don't!" said the Bonifface, "that nigger is mine, and worth $1,500. Get an Irishman to try it on."

And while I am about it I may say that alcoholization is not confined to the lower order by any means. Everybody drinks. The tradesman who can afford it has claret at his table, and during the day his "drains" of brandy are very frequent. The gentry and nobility drink more costly wines and better brandy, but liquor is everywhere. Nothing is done without the accompanying drink; it is universal and in all places. The climate prevents the injury that would visit the same man in America, but it hurts. If the English could only live as temperately as the Americans they would be the greatest race of people on earth.

The exclusiveness of the English is manifest in their views as in their virtues. Every bar is divided in the front by partitions, one for each class. Over the one designated as "the private bar," you get precisely the same liquors as at the laborers and the like are not admitted. One compartment exacts four pence, the next three pence, and the last and lowest two pence. But all are served out of the same wood.

But very few men are employed behind English bars, women filling those places. The London bar maid is an institution to be studied. To begin with she must be pretty, for being pretty is a part of her qualifications. As her feet cannot be seen, owing to her standing behind the bar, she is generally pretty. Then they are required to dress well, and all in one establishment dress their hair alike. In one place the maids part their hair on one side, in another on the other, and in a third in the middle. They are alike in each shop.

They are required to make themselves pleasant to customers, for each one is expected to influence an amount of trade to the house. They are exceedingly free and easy damsels, without being positively indelicate, and there isn't a cabman in the city who is so much a master of chaff as they are. They will wink and leer at you in the most free way possible, they will talk to the very verge of delicacy if they think it will please you, and if they form another judgment of your tastes they will be as sedate as priests. There bar maids were all born a great while ago, and have improved all their time.

They are not only expected to be pretty, but they must have the power of extracting drinks for themselves from the young or old fellows who delight to chaff with them. If the young fellow who is enjoying the delight of her conversation is not sufficiently prompt, the warning eye of the landlord or landlady intimates that she has wasted enough time upon him, and she simply asks him, when he has ordered a drink for himself, if he won't treat her, and he always does. Per consequence by 11 at night the gentle maids are in a condition highly satisfactory to the house, for their drunkenness represents so much money in his till. He who serves the British public with drink would utilize the very soul of an employe to make money, man or woman.

As a rule the wife of the landlord of a popular drinking place takes personal charge of the bar, and she is a thousand times more cruel and grasping than her husband. When a woman does unsex herself, she can give man points in wickedness that he never dreamed of. These wives are as eager to have liquor paid for for themselves as bar maids and the sharp eye they keep upon the girls to see that they swallow enough to make the business profitable is something wonderful.

They are invariably dressed very richly, with elaborate coiffures, and sparkling with diamonds. As the British young man prefers blonde hair to any other, the landladies are mostly of that persuasion. If they were born brunettes, there are arts by which they can be changed, and besides wigs are very cheap in this country.

The British woman drinks as much as the British man, and possibly more. I am not speaking of the low, degraded woman, but of the respectability. It is nothing singular to see women, respectable women, sitting in bars, with their husbands and lovers, and the amount of stout and the number of "brandy cold" they make away with is something wonderful.

I was through the wonderful park at Richmond the other day. It was a holiday, and all London was out of the City in the parks. All the little roadside inns were filled with the populace, women and children being largely in the majority, and there was never a woman; no matter if she had a child at the breast, who did not have a monster pot of pewter filled either with stout or ale. And they gave it to their little children as freely as an American mother would give milk to hers.

The drinking house in London is, as a rule, especially for drinking. There are no free lunches no nibbling bits free on any bar. Nothing but liquids are sold. An American speculator conceived the brilliant idea of starting a bar with the addition of the American free lunch, with which to attract trade. It did attract altogether too much. In 20 minutes the lurch which should have lasted all day, was gone, and the British public was indignant that it was not renewed. They pronounced the proprietor a swindle, and the speculation was a disastrous failure.

At some of the bars an attempt is made to take the curse off the liquor traffic by making some pretense of selling eatables. But the British public knows this is a sham, and resents it by never buying any comestibles at the country counter. The British public scorns eating in such a place and insists upon drinks. Indeed the British public won't eat at all as long as it can drink.

What they generally have in these places under glass covers, are curiously indigestible meat pies, sandwiches, cheese cakes and buns. Sometimes at railway stations a hungry Briton buys and partakes of these things, but not often, and never without his glass or something to wash it down. This is the time I forgive him for drinking. It is necessary.

The sandwich is made either of ham or beef, and may be said to be the universal cold refreshments. It is about four inches long by two wide, and is a miracle of thinness. It is the thinnest thing on earth. I have often purchased them, not to eat, but to admire his quality. How bread and meat can be cut so thin, especially bread, is one of the mysteries that never will be solved till I penetrate a public kitchen and see the operation. It is an art I suppose, and the profes or of it gets, I presume, a very high salary. He ought to. The bread is stringy enough and the meat tough enough to be cut as thin as might be desired, but the puzzle is how any one can acquire the skill to cut it, that way. But they do it. The English sandwich is more an object of interest to me than the obelisk, and is just about as digestible. I would as soon undertake to eat the one as the other.

The meat pie is made of hashed beef, the fat being put in liberally, enclosed in a wrapper of dough, and all baked together, in some sort of way. I could procure and write out the process, but being a true American and loving the American people I will not. It is utterly indigestible. I ate one at 11 P. M. one night, and woke up in the morning feeling as though I had swallowed the plaster bust of the infant Samuel at prayer that stood on my mantel. The pie is a trifle worse than the sandwich. The cheese cake may be dismissed with the simple remark that it is a trifle worse than the meat pie. The bun is a standoff as to the others. Altogether they make a frightful stomachic quartet. But the British public, who know nothing of our hash and other luxuries, are content with them, and I don't know as I shall undertake to reform them in this particular. I pity them, but there are so many things to reform here that I shall not attempt any movement in that direction. Life is very short.

The Englishman takes his liquor straight, or neat, as they call it. Mixed drinks are entirely unknown. The sherry cobbler, the mint julep, the fragrant cock-tail, are never heard of in regular English bars, but the drouthy man who drinks, and they all do, takes either brandy or Scotch or Irish whisky, raw from a barrel, and swallows his portion and walks away satisfied. One woman in a famous drinking place was taught by an American to make cocktails and the fame of the mixture drew all the Americans to this particular place. The proprietor was sore displeased at this trade, and raised the price two pence above what was regular to keep it away. It took too much of the girl's time to compound the liquor.

Drinking does not have the effect upon an Englishman that it does upon an American. The Englishman is a more stolid and phlegmatic man anyhow, and the climate is less exciting. There is not the exhilaration in the atmosphere that there is in America, and the moist humidity that you exist in is very favorable to the consumption of alcoholic drinks. I had got so before I had been here a week, that I could endure a glass of brandy and water. I did not do it, but I say I could have done it.

The prices of liquors average quite as high as in America and tobacco and everything made of it, is much higher and the quality is vile. A decent cigar, or one counted decent here, costs 25 cents, it being of the grade that in New York sells for 10.

No tobacco is chewed except by sailors, and the Englishman, very properly, considers it a disgusting habit, only to be practiced by very low people. In consequence of the high price of tobacco, pipes and cigarets are very generally used. The Englishman of the better class smokes his pipe upon the street, the same as an American does his cigar. He prefers a pipe to a cigar, possibly because it is better, and possibly because it is cheaper. Your Englishman loves dearly to get the value of his money and he generally does it.

The lover of drink in America, especially our German fellow citizens are emphatic in their denunciation of the liquor laws of the United States. They ought to live in England a little while to appreciate the privileges they have at home. Hartford, Connecticut, is, I believe, a paradise to those who live there. One old lady who was born and had always lived in Hartford, came to die, an impertinence of nature, as all Hartford people firmly believe. People should die from other places, but not from Hartford. But this old lady had come to death, and her minister was consoling her.

"I trust," Mrs. Thompson," he said professionally, "that you are prepared to die?"

"I am," was her answer, "I owe no pew rent."

"And are you content with the change?"

"Well, on the whole yes. Heaven is no doubt a very nice place, but I shall greatly miss my Hartford privileges."

There is no especial moral to this story, except that if our German population were compelled to endure English law they would greatly miss their American privileges. While you can get all the drink you want during the day, you must either have it at home or go without it after 12 at night.

In London no liquor can be procured after 12 o'clock at night. Every bar, big or little is closed, and this law is not evaded for the risk is too great. A man's license would be taken from him immediately, and without remedy.

Persons are not licensed to sell liquor in England. It is the premises that are licensed. The Board having it in charge license one public house in a district, basing it upon the supposed necessity, and these premises hold this license, till deprived of it by violation of law. If you desire to sell liquor you cannot go and rent a room and open your bar, you are compelled to buy the lease of a place which carries the license with it. Consequently a licensed place is a valuable piece of property. One at the corner of St. Martin's street and Orange, a dingy building in a dingy neighborhood was bought by an American to be used as an American bar, and he paid $25,000 bonus for the lease. The annual rental of place is $1,500, and the lease for which he paid the bonus has 45 years to run. For any other business the bonus would have been next to nothing in that neighborhood.

Sunday is an especially drouthy day in London. All the bars are closed till one o'clock, P. M., and are then open but an hour. Then they are closed till six and are permitted to keep open till 11. And let it be remembered that law in England is law. You can't laugh at it, as you do in America. There is no evasion of this law attempted. The publics are required to be closed, and they are closed. There are no sidedoors, as in New York—there is no selling on the sly—they are closed. The only exception is at the railroad stations. The refreshment bars there are permitted to be kept open as long as trains arrive or depart, for the British Government recognizes the necessity of an Englishman's having his grog till the prescribed hour for his getting into his bed. The thirsty soul who pants for beer after 12, goes to Charing station, and buys a ticket to the first station out which is "Tuppence ha'penny," or five cents. Then he walks into the bar and being a "traveller," can buy, drink and pay for all the stimulants he desires, till the last train has arrived or departed for the night. His ticket he puts into his pocket to be used when he desires.

The right trade in liquor is something enormous. A landlord in the Haymarket, whose lease is about expiring, is now paying $1,000 a year rent, and the proprietors have notified him that his renewal will cost him just five times that sum. He told me that he should not renew, but that he would gladly if he were allowed to keep open till half past 12, a half hour after the regular time. That half hour each day would more than make the difference in rent.

A walk along Piccadilly after 12 explains this difference. The street, from end to end, is crowded with prostitutes and drunken rakes, who think they are having a good time, but they are not. They walk up and down, chaffing with these poor unfortunates. They take them into the publics and pay for their drinks, all of which the landlord not only approves of but encourages. And the English woman, be she virtuous or a prostitute, can drink with any man alive. She has just as drouthy a system, and it takes just as much to fill it. And there they sit, and chaff, and booze, till the clock strikes 12, and the place is closed. The landlord turns off the gas and puts up his shutters, cursing the law that compels him to close just as his harvest begins.

As there are literally tens of thousands of these women walking the street, and as 90 per cent. of them are drunk at 10, with a carrying capacity of continuing to drink every minute as long as anybody will pay for it, and as there is an equal number of men prowling the streets whose highest idea of amusement is to pay for it, the importance of an extra half hour after midnight may be appreciated.

But it is of no use. Law is law in England, and whether the citizen likes it or not, he is compelled to obey it in letter and spirit. Were a public house to be open a minute after the hour, a policeman would walk in and close it for him, and the next day the nearest magistrate would revoke his license, and he could never get one again. No proprietor would rent him a place, for the license is too valuable to be risked by a violator of law.

There are a few bars in London that make a specialty of American drinks, which are very curious. The names they palm off as American are very funny to an American, because they are never heard of over there. None of the readers of the BLADE ever go into bars, except for curiosity, but just imagine this list of drinks:

"Copper-cooler," "Pick me up," "Our Swizzle," "Maiden's Blush," "Bosom-caresser," "Corpse reviver," "Flash of Lightning," and so on.

And these names are actually believed by Englishmen to be genuinely American, and in common use in the States.

Ice is about the scarcest thing in England, and cannot be had at the majority of bars. At some of the very best it will be furnished, if very forcibly asked for, but then in too small quantities to be satisfactory to an American, who is accustomed to taking his drinks ice cold. The frozen reminiscence of Winter is rather expensive here, and besides that the Englishman, very rightly, considers it unhealthy. The water is drank in its natural temperature, and it is really wonderful how soon one becomes accustomed to it.

The prices of strong beverages run about the same as in the United States. Brandy is three pence, six cents of our Bird of Freedom money, and when the amount is considered, your three pence boys about the same as 12½ cen's in New York. Malt liquors are about the same. The glass is a trifle smaller, and the regular price at the small publics is two pence, an equivalent, quantity considered, of five cents.

The quality of malt liquors is a long way below the American article, and America, singular as it may seem, drinks better English ale than the Englishman does. The ale made here for home consumption is vile stuff, while that made for export is infinitely better. The Englishman eats what he cannot sell.

To get at these facts concerning drinking has cost me an inconceivable wear and tear of feeling, which sacrifice I trust my readers will appreciate.

HOW LONDON IS AMUSED.

To pass from rum to amusement is a very easy and natural transition, for unfortunately the people who drink are, as a rule, those who need and will have amusement. Having done with liquor forever, I am glad to get to a subject not quite so disagreeable.

London supports 40 theaters proper, that is 40 theaters devoted entirely to dramatic or operatic representations, and several hundred places of amusement of all kinds, which may be classed as variety shows.

The regular theaters are a long way beyond those in America. I dislike to acknowledge this, but candor and fairness compels it. I cannot tell a lie even for National pride. My hatchet is bright—it has never been used much. The London theaters will not compare with those of any of the large American Cities in point of size, or convenience of access. They are generally situated in out of the way places, and the halls and entrances are as shabby as anything can be, but when you are once in nothing can be more delightful. There is a softness in the appointments, a perfection in the furnishing, a good taste generally that America has not. We are splendid, but it must be confessed rather garish and loud.

The character of the performances excels the style of the theaters. Their pieces are put upon the stage with an attention to detail and with a strength of cast which we at home never see, even in the best.

I witnessed a piece at the St. James, the time of which was the First Charles. In a drawing room scene musical instruments were necessary. In America it would have been nothing singular had a Chickering piano been used, and a parlor set in reps. Imagine the delight of seeing a drawing room furnished with furniture of the period, with an old harpsichord, such as the ladies of the time used, with the ancient zittern, and the gorgeous harp, with the chairs and couches precisely as they were in the country house of the time. And then the costumes were not mere guess work—they were designed and constructed by a professional costumer, who made studies from pictures, and put upon the stage men and women of King Charles' day. This was a delight in and of itself, that paid one for his time and expenditure, even if he cared nothing for the play.

And then the acting. If there is any one thing in the way of amusements that is utterly and fiendishly detestable it is the acting of the usual child. The mother or father who trains the 10 year old phenomena to play children's parts, takes them as far away from childhood as he can possibly, and the child does not play a child at all. He does, or tries to do, Hamlet, in children's clothes. But nothing of the sort is permitted in London. The child plays the child, and does it as it should be done. It was a comfort to see two children on the floor in one scene, playing at the game of "See-saw, Margery Daw," and doing it exactly as children would do in real life, instead of mouthing the lines like an old-style actor in Mecbeth.

And all the way down there was the same perfection in the acting as in the setting of the piece. There was not one star and 20 sticks, as is the rule over the water, but the servant who merely said "My lord, the carriage waits," did that bit just as well as the hero or heroine of the piece.

The Englishman is a very thorough sort of a man, and wants what he has done well, according to his notion of what well is.

The places of amusement, other than the regular theaters, are of as great variety as they are vast in number. The prevailing attraction is, of course, the regular variety theater, which does not differ materially from its brother in America. It is singular that the stock attraction at the variety theater is the negro minstrel act. The minstrelsy originated in America 40 years ago and has as firm a hold upon England as it has in America, and a trifle firmer. No program is complete without it, and no part of the performances are so heartily enjoyed.

But their minstrelsy would drive an American negro crazy. It is sufficient for a London audience to have a performer black his face and hands, and put on a long tailed coat and striped trowsers, and sing negro songs. The rich mellow accent of the American African, the rollicking humor, the funny grotesqueness, all that is wanting. At any music hall you shall hear the songs popular in America sung by a cockney with all the cockney peculiarities of speech, even to the misplacing of the h's.

The leg business is even more common and more indecent than in America, and variety performance is more highly flavored generally. Magic and athletic performances are greatly in favor, albeit the vocalism and instrumental performance of a very high character must be interspersed.

These variety performances are attended by all classes. The respectable mechanic and his family, the thief, pickpocket and prostitute are all mingled in one common mass, the only division being the prices in different parts of the house. And here as everywhere drinking goes on incessantly and forever. Waiters move about through the audience taking orders for beverages, and men and women drink and guzzle, and men smoke during the entire performance. No matter what else stops, the flow of beer never does. It is very like time in the matter, constantly moving.

But they have a good time at these theaters. To hear a woman sing a slang song dressed—or rather undressed—is not calculated to inflict much wear and tear upon the mind, and as all the performances are of the alleged humorous order, there is abundant room for chaff and talk of a cheerful nature, which is further aided and promoted by the consumption of beer. The little parties seem to enjoy their night, and I presume they do.

Of course there are any quantity of aquariums and menageries, and institutions of a supposed usefully scientific nature, which are largely attended, but the variety theater, or music hall as it is called, is the stock amusement of the Londoner. He can drink to better advantage in them than anywhere else, and that, after all, is the principal business of his life.

The street amusements are beyond any possibility of enumeration or description. You will not walk a dozen blocks without seeing the very absurd and very brutal Punch and Judy, which has delight ed England for centuries, and seems to be immortal. One would naturally suppose that when a boy had laughed at two wooden figures manipulated by a man inside of a box, knocking each other on the head, with squeaks and idiotic dialogue, every day up to his 21st year, would naturally pass it by ever afterward, but it is not so. I have seen venerable men who were doubtless bank presidents or clergymen, or something of the eminently respectable kind, stop in front of a Punch and Judy show and laugh as heartily at the ancient performance as they did when they were boys with round abouts on. And they would stand out the performance, and at its conclusion give the performer their two pence and go away as if they had been amused. There never has been any change in Punch and Judy from the time it was brought to England from Italy. The fun is now as then in Punch knocking Judy on the head with his stick, and the shrieks of Judy with an expression on her face of enjoyment. That is all there is of it, and all there ever has been. And singular as it may seem, it is the first amusement of an English boy, and it delights him till he dies. He enjoyed it at eight, and just the same at 80. No doubt he has a vague idea that he will find a Punch and Judy show in heaven when he reaches it.

But Punch and Judy shows are not all the amusements of the great City. Garden house not being common owing to the fewness of gardens and the limited use of water, the hand organ flourishes in all its native ferocity, the grinders being as over the water, Italian noblemen with their wives. And they are just as dirty and grimy here as there. The mixed brass and ring banditti perambulate the streets, making the day and early night hideous, and in the side streets where the policeman is infrequent the street juggler plies his vocation.

One, for instance, has a common purse with four shillings. He places the four shillings in the purse, the country yokel sees them placed therein, and he chinks the purse. So far as the countryman's eyes and ears go there can be no doubt a to the fact of the four shillings being in the purse. Then the fakir offers to sell the purse to the countryman for sixpence, which, were the shillings actually inside, would certainly be a bargain. The countryman pays the sixpence, and straightway opens the purse, but he does not find the sixpence therein. It is as empty as his head. He finds that he has paid sixpence for a purse dear at a penny, and he retires amid the jeers of the populace.

As the clever juggler only finds a few victims each day, and as from each he makes only 10 cents I don't see how he expects to ever retire from business and live upon his hard earned capital. The skill, knowledge of human nature, and hard work necessary to the successful prosecution of this little swindle would make him rich, with half the wear and tear. But such men would rather work a day to swindle somebody out of sixpence than to earn a dollar by honest work in a quarter of the time. That is why I shall never go into the business of juggling with four shillings and a penny purse. It is disreputable, and then it doesn't pay.

Couples of negro minstrels are a common sight on the streets, one armed with a banjo, and another with a concertina, that he plays with an atrocious disregard of time and tune, which under a despotism would consign him to a block. They roam from house to house and play, as they call it. The helpless family, worried to the very verge of madness, throw them sixpence, and they move on. They stand and play till they get their sixpence. The race is not as it was in Jem Bagg's day. He played the clarionette. "Ven the man tosses me a sixpence," was his remark, and says 'Now, my good man, move on,' I gently says to him, says I, 'I never moves hon for a sixpence. I knows the vally of peace and quietness too much for that, and then, hif he doesn't throw me another sixpence, I tips him my corkscrew hovertoor, and that halways fetches 'im.'"

In this degenerate day either the street musicians have forgotten their "corkscrew overtoors," or they are satisfied with less money. A sixpence moves them on now certainly, but woe be to you if you are short the sixpence.

Next door to me lives a deaf man who is a bachelor. It is his delight to have the musicians come to his house. He sits in the doorway, and they play and play, and he assumes an ecstatic expression, and they wonder why he doesn't order them to "move on," but he doesn't. It amuses him, and they play, till, lost in amazement at his powerful endurance, they put up their instruments sadly and move on of their own accord. I get very little amusement out of him now. The majority of the fiends have found him out.

BEREAVED BUT PROUD.

The Peril of Trifling with a Woman's Sorrow.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Has any yo' young gem'men done seen my Pete?" inquired an elderly colored lady of the *Eagle's* combined local staff Friday afternoon.

"What was he, a cow?" asked one who had been disappointed about being sent to the races.

"Don' yo' trifle with my feelin's!" said the old woman, indignantly. "Don' none o' yo' young gem'men go laceratin' around me. I's in trouble, and I don' allow no funny business about me when I's sufferin'. Now, tole me of any o' yo' done seen my Pete?"

"What have you lost, a ferryboat?" persisted the disappointed reporter.

"I done tole yo' once! Better took car' yo'self! When I's in mo'nin', I don' let no gem'men fool wid my grief. I him y'ar kase I s'posed de noospaper done seen eberything, and I's huntin' my Pete. If yo' ain't seen him tell it, but be car'ful how yo' harry my sorrer. Watch wide, now. I's gazin'!"

"Is he your husband?" inquired another reporter.

Bang! came the dame's umbrella over his head.

"Far warnin'! I done gin yo' fa'r warnin'! If yo' think yo' can ta'r up dis weepin' nigger's soul when she's broke down wid pinin' arter lost ones, yo is skinnin' yer shin on de wrong tree."

"May be it was your son, madam," suggested the city editor.

Whack. And he got it across the neck.

"Yo' can't do no monkey shines wid me, if yo' is a noospaper," panted the enraged darky. "Jis' kase I'm around on funeral business, yo' can't play no roots on my sufferin's. I's talkin'! Watch out!"

"What have you lost?" queried the managing editor, disturbed by the uproar.

"I done lost my Pete, and I kim down to see ef de noospaper had seen him about anywhere."

"What was Pete?" asked the editor, cautiously.

"Pete! what was Pete? he was my hawg? Done had him since he was a leetle pig, and now he got away. Yo' seen him?"

"No, I haven't," said the editor, gravely; "but I am sorry for you. None of us have seen him."

"Dat's talkin' like a gem'man. No low down shoot dat yar. Now I go hunt my Pete wid some comfort. Lend me a chew o' snuff, and kick dem brutes what wanted to insult my lost Pete."

And the outraged dame hobbled away in search of him who was more to her than husband, or son, or ferryboat.

Tom Benton's Vanity.

Philadelphia Press.

This recital recalls the scene between Gen. Simon Cameron and Tom Benton, once related to me by the veteran Pennsylvanian. It was during Mr. Cameron's first year in the Senate, 1846, I think. Benton was apparently wrapped in his own greatness and hardly recognized any of the younger Senators. Going up the hill to the Capitol one day, Mr. Cameron overtook the Missouri statesman, and never before having spoken to him, saluted him:

"Good morning, Senator."

"Good morning, sir," replied Mr. Benton.

"It is a pleasant day, Senator."

"Yes, sir."

"I hope," said Gen. Cameron, "that I shall have the pleasure of hearing you speak on the Oregon boundary question. I have heard many others, but would like to hear your opinion of that measure."

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Benton; "you will hear me speak upon the Oregon boundary question, and when you do hear me upon that proposition, sir, you will see that I will annihilate those who have spoken on either side like an elephant treading upon a bed of pismires."

Too Fastidious.

Boston Journal.

While a lady selects her ribbons with an amount of care which is simply indescribable, and indeed immeasurable with our present insufficient means of computation, the average man will seize upon the first necktie offered to him with confidence in the wisdom of his choice, which is positively indecent. A woman, making a deep study of what tints her complexion will bear and what it will not, hightens her charms when her decision is made, while a man with a blazing red nose sails out complacently with a necktie of pale blue to set one's teeth on edge withal.

Can't Do Two Things at Once.

Oil City Derrick.

Grant is not smoking so much as formerly. He talks so much he can't.

For the Blade.

HOW SUE AND I WENT FISHING.

BY C. L. WOOD.

"Now dearest John," said Sue to me,
"I long have been a-wishing,
To go with you some day and see
How good I am at fishing."
Why, certainly, my dear, said I,
Some day in pleasant weather,
Ourselves with tackle we'll supply,
And try our luck together.

"And, John," said she, with pleading look,
"Those nasty worms—they're awful!"
"Oh well," said I, "I'll bait your hook,
I'm sure 'tis not unlawful!
And furthermore, I'll string your fish,
In spite of all their wriggling,
Provided you'll observe my wish
And keep yourself from giggling."

Not once, you see, did I demur,
But then, 'tis little wonder
That I so rashly promised her,
And made so big a blunder;
For Sue and I were newly wed—
I might as well confess it,
For if I left it all unsaid,
You would not fail to guess it.

The fateful day arrived at last,
And we set out quite early,
And took along a light repast,
Since fasting makes one surly.
The stream, like other meadow brooks,
Was beautifully shaded,
And soon its quiet dales and nooks
Were ruthlessly invaded.

"Now, Sue," said I, "if you'll keep still,
The hooks I'll soon have baited,
And then we'll exercise our skill—
These fish are surely fated."
"Yes, yes," said she, "I understand,
I'll certainly be quiet,
I'll have a fish upon the land
Before it knows I'm nigh it."

With cautious tread the stream we neared,
And dropped our hooks within it,
But Sue—'twas just as I had feared—
Did not keep still a minute.
"Oh, John, do see the fish!" she cried,
Forgetting all I'd told her;
"Well, you may catch them," I replied,
And left lest I should scold her.

I wandered on along the stream,
Where birds were softly singing,
But presently Sue's piercing scream
Set all the echos ringing.
Of course to her relief I fled,
As fast as I could hurry,
But when I reached her side, she said,
"'Tis nothing, pray don't worry."

"Don't worry! Well, that's cool as ice,
That's worse than senseless chatter,
But since it is your own advice—
Since nothing is the matter—
I'll act it out! Whate'er I feel,
I'll certainly not show it,
And when I run because you squeal
Just let your uncle know it!"

Sue answered not. Her tongue at last
Grew wonderfully quiet;
And I, unmindful of the past,
Resolved once more to try it.
But, ah! 'twas foolishness or worse,
Since Susan with me tarried,
And I was almost made to curse
The day that we were married.

For when a splendid two-pound trout
Was for my fish-hook reaching,
The trout and I were both scared out
By Sue's unearthly screeching.
I looked around to learn the cause,
When, greatly to my wonder,
She pranced and danced and slapped her jaws,
Ah oh! she howled like thunder.

It seems she'd probed a hornet's nest,
To find out what was in it,
When lo!—but wherefore tell the rest?
She knew in just a minute!
And seemed a spectacle of woe,
With hornets buzzing round her,
But I was reconciled to know
That punishment had found her.

You see, I meant to take it cool,
And hoped to see her humbled,
But when into a muddy pool
Head over heels she tumbled,
Of course I quickly fished her out,
And wrath gave place to laughter;
Said I, "What's all this fuss about?
And pray, what are you after?"

'Twas now She's turn to take offense,
Said she, "You have no feeling;"
Said I, "What's worse, you have no sense,
You've proved it by your squealing."
But here I'll draw a veil before
The subsequent confusion,
And will not try your patience more,
Except with this conclusion:

Before they take the marriage vow,
The girls excel at angling,
But ever afterwards, somehow,
'Tis sure to lead to wrangling.
So, here is my advice, young man:
If happiness you're wishing,
Secure the best wife that you can,
But don't let her go fishing!

Enterprise, Wis.

AN EASTERN TALE.

How a Treacherous Dervis was Punished.

Fadlallah, a Prince of great virtues, succeeded his father, Bin-Ortoe, in the Kingdom of Mousel. He reigned over his faithful subjects for some time, and lived in great happiness with his beauteous consort, Queen Zamroude, when there appeared at his court a young dervis with so lively and entertaining a turn of wit that it won the affections of every one he conversed with.

His reputation grew so fast that it at last raised a curiosity in the Prince himself to see and talk with him. And far from finding that common fame had flattered him, was soon convinced that everything he had heard of him fell short of the truth.

Fadlallah immediately lost all manner of relish for the conversation of other men, and as he was every day more and more satisfied of the abilities of this stranger, offered him the first posts in his kingdom. The young dervis, having thanked him with a very singular modesty, desired to be excused, as having made a vow never to accept of any employment, and preferring a free and independent state of life to all other conditions.

The King was infinitely charmed with so great an example of moderation, and not able to get him to engage in a life of business, made him his chief companion and first favorite.

As they were one day hunting together, and happened to be separated from the rest of the company, the dervis entertained Fadlallah with an account of his travels and adventures. After having related to him several curiosities which he had seen in the Indies, "It was in this place," said he, "that I contracted an acquaintance with an old Brahim, who was skilled in the most hidden powers of nature. He died within my arms, and with his parting breath communicated to me one of the most valuable secrets, on condition I should never reveal it."

The King, immediately reflecting on his young favorite's having refused the late offers of greatness he had made him, told him he presumed it was the power of making gold.

"No, sir," said the dervis; "it is somewhat more wonderful than that. It is the power of reanimating a dead body by flinging my own soul into it."

While he was yet speaking, a doe came bounding by them' and the king, who had his bow ready, shot her through the heart, telling the dervis that a fair opportunity now offered to show his art.

The dervis immediately left his own body breathless on the ground, while at the same instant that of the doe was reanimated. She came to the King, fawned upon him, and, having played a veral tricks, fell again upon the grass. At the same instant the body of the dervis recovered life.

The King was infinitely pleased at so uncommon an operation, and conjured his friend by everything that was sacred to communicate it to him. The dervis at first made some scruple of violating his promise to the dying Brahman, but told him at last that he found he could conceal nothing from so excellent a prince. After having obliged him, therefore, by an oath of secrecy he taught him to repeat two cabalistic words, in pronouncing which the whole secret consisted.

The king impatient to try the experiment, immediately repeated them as he had been taught, and immediately found himself in the body of the doe. He had but a little time to contemplate himself in his new being, for the treacherous dervis, shooting his own soul into the royal body, and bending the prince's own bow against him, had laid him dead on the spot, had not the hind, who perceived his intent, fled swiftly to the woods. The dervis, now triumphant in his villainy, returned to Mousel and filled the throne of the unhappy Fadlallah.

The first thing he took care of, in order to secure himself in his possession of his newly-acquired kingdom, was to issue a proclamation ordering his subjects to destroy all the deer in his realm. The King would have perished among the rest had he not avoided his pursuers by resuming the body of a nightingale which he saw lying dead at the foot of a tree.

He winged his way in safety to the palace, where, perching on a tree near his Queen's apartment, he filled the whole place with melodious melancholy notes, which drew her to the window.

He continued to serenade every morning, until at last the queen, charmed with

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubr's.

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OUR CHEAP BOOKS.

It was our intention to withdraw all announcements of cheap books in the BLADE, but such seems to be the demand, that we believe a small list of books for Summer reading will be appreciated by the readers. We therefore select those which are rare bargains in price, and endorse them by saying they are the cheapest ever offered to the reading public, and well adapted to the season. We send all books postpaid by mail.

The greatest bargain is in the two works, "Bible Biography" and "Struggles of Nasby," both of which have been described in these columns as very fine, large illustrated volumes, made expressly for the subscription trade. The regular price of these books are $3, but we mail them postpaid for $1.25. We have but a very few copies of the "Struggles of Nasby" unsold.

The following cloth bound popular $1.75 novels we are mailing post-paid for 50 cts.: "Lady Lenora," "All for Her," "All for Him," "Conquered," "Peerless Cathleen," "St. Peter's Bride," "Vesta Van," and "Toe Grinder Papers," "Errors," "Home Harmonies," "Lily of San Miniato," "Home Hits and Hints," "Rickard Vandermark," "Bitterwood," "Innocents from Abroad," "A Woman in the Case," "Gelim's Dream," "Another Man's Wife," "Milly Darrell" and "Led Astray."

The following cloth-bound books we are mailing post-paid for 25 cts.: "He or I," a story of the East; "That Comic Primer," a humorous primer; "That Bridget of Ours," a novel; "Rice's Poems," a book of poems; "Annals of a Baby," a story; "Ma," a story; "Tim's Wife," a story; "Our Artist in Spain and Cuba," comic illustrations of travel; "That Charming Evening," a book of evening games and pastimes; "Dental Economy," a treatise on the teeth.

The following are bargains, post-paid, by mail: "Tourist's Guide in Great Britain," 75 cents; "Great and Eccentric Characters," $1.50; "Baron Munchausen," 75 cents; "Smith's Bible Dictionary," a large edition, $1.50; "Geological Sketches," 50 cents; "Gulliver's Travels," 75 cents; "War Time and White Elephant," 75 cents; "Good Things," an illustrated book for children, $1.25, and "Shakspere," 55 cents.

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PERSONS AND THINGS.

The Boston *Commercial-Bulletin* speaks of mosquito bars as the hum guard.

The fool thinks he has argued a case when he offers to bet.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

To every man there comes a time when he wonders how he could have been such a fool.

Spitty 'tis it's true! Congress uses 500 cuspidores when in full squirt.—*New York News.*

The man who had an elephant on his hands has had them amputated.—*Lowell Citizen.*

This is the season when profanity is of great assistance to a man in getting out of his undershirt.—*Boston Post.*

"What is the reason Col. McSpilkins does not live with his wife any more?" asked Galbooly of an Austin lawyer. "There are sundry and diverse reasons," responded the lawyer solemnly.—*Texas Siftings.*

The American mosquito has appeared in England, and the inhabitants of that country, who are not thoroughly posted, imagine the insect to be a specimen of the Asiatic lion which they have read about.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.*

A man who was fishing for trout in the Tenessee years ago, so the story runs, caught his hook on a bag of gold and brought it safely to shore. As he looked at the gold he sadly said: "Just my luck; never could catch any fish!"—*Oil City Derrick.*

The farmers of Illinois are very much excited about the depredations of the Hessian fly, and want to know something of its origin. If we mistake not, it was General Washington who first made the Hessian fly in this country.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A canary bird in New York imitates the most difficult air performed on the piano. A smart bird; but a canary in Norristown warbles the choicest selections from the old composers and accompanies itself on the piano. It also plays very artistically on a hand-organ and has a monkey at the same time. The owner says he wouldn't take 75 cents for it.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Father," asked little Johnny, "when you was a boy did you use to think what a great man you would be when you grew up?" "I suppose so," said his father; "why do you ask that?" "I don't know," replied Johnny, "only I heard you say last night that life was full of disappointments; that was all."

It is stated that while the Presbyterians have but as many members as the Episcopalians, three times as many infants are baptized by the latter as by the former. For the last six years the number of infants baptized by the Presbyterians has at no time reached 20,000, while the Episcopalians have baptized from 60,000 to 62,000.

Sir Henry Maine says that the most important basis of Hindu liars may be detected by the twitching of their toes. Dr. Sarsaparilla says: "Whenever a Gandy tells you anything, look at his feet; if he moves them, he is telling you a lie. This was first observed by Facundo Quiroga, the most accurate observer of Gaucho habits."

Yesterday Uncle Mose asked Gus De Smith why it was that the weather was so much warmer in Summer than in Winter.

"I thought every darned fool knew that," growled Gus.

"So did I, boss. That's why I puts de question to you on purpose."—*Texas Siftings.*

There is a good deal of true nobility in children, after all. "Jo" had accidently pounded a new bump on the head of "Bert," with a base ball bat. "I'll tell you or not, Bert," said he, "I'm going to have a show in my woodshed Saturday, and you can come in free. The other fellers will have to pay three pins." You've no idea how that reduced the swelling.—*New Haven, Register.*

An Austin man asked Gus DeSmith if it was hotter in Austin than in Galveston. Gus replied that Austin was much the hottest. The Austin man said that in Austin the thermometer did not often go much higher than 90.

"That may be, responded Gus," "but it is so cool at Galveston when the thermometer is at 70 that you feel chilly, and need an overcoat.—*Texas Siftings.*

Col. Gordon, who has won his laurels in Africa, does not care whether the Nile has a source or not. He writes: "I will not explore the African lakes. I declare I do not care whether there are two or a million, or whether the Nile has a source or not. To be boxed up for a fortnight in a 50 feet-long steamer for a fortnight would be my death, " " " and I do not see why I should suffer so much to satisfy the curiosity of men I do not know."

Schofield and Thomas.

New Haven, Conn., Palladium.

Gen. Schofield will not succeed in adding to the not overpowering splendor of his own military achievements by seeking to detract from the honor won by the dead victor of Nashville. Gen. Schofield may have been a good soldier, but he certainly does not display a soldierly quality in attacking the military reputation of his superior officer, particularly after that officer has been dead 10 years. We are inclined to think that he already regrets having written his letter, particularly now that it has served to call out such a host of witnesses who are not only ready to defend the memory of Gen. Thomas but to let the "broad sunlight of publicity" in upon his own military record as well. What ever else may be the effect, Gen. Schofield's reputation for soldierly modesty will hardly be enhanced by his letter.

The Protest of Improvidence.

Denver Republican.

The Greenbackers are holding conventions in various parts of the country. But it is of use. The return of prosperity has exploded all their fallacies and ruined all their prospects. Greenbackism appears to the people now just what it is, the protest of improvidence.

Don't Die in the House.

Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, bed-bugs, roaches vermin, flies, ants, insects. 15c per box.

Buy the Improved Howe Scales—acknowledged to be the best made. Borden, Selleck & Co., General Agents, Chicago, Ill.

BROMMER'S RUSSIA SALVE, best family salve in the world, and excellent for stable use. Price 25c.

A HORSE'S LIFE FOR A MAN'S.

Killing the Animal that Kicked His Groom to Death.

A Twenty-Mile Trot Behind His Executioners to His Grave Near Hempstead—Tied, Thrown Down and Shot After a Pitiful Struggle.

New York Sun.

On Saturday, June 19, "Gen. Beauregard," the riding horse of Mr. Thomas Ryan, the banker, killed a groom at Joseph Merkler's Riding Academy in Seventh avenue. No one saw it, but the plunging of the horse in his stall alarmed the stablemen near by, and they found the groom, Richard Johnson, a colored man, unconscious on the floor of the stall and the horse jumping upon the body with his fore feet. On Sunday morning James Murray, the horse's regular groom, entered the stable. In an instant he was knocked down and kicked repeatedly. His skull was fractured and he still lies in the hospital lingering between life and death. Dr. C. D. House, the veterinary surgeon, took charge of the horse immediately and removed him to the boarding stable of Wm. Deitz, 210 West Fiftieth street, where he has since been under the Doctor's eye.

He was generally quiet in his new quarters, but at times seemed to suffer from a recurrence of the frenzy in which he had killed one groom and maimed another. Before his first attack he had been a pet, and a thoroughly gentle and kind animal. He cost his owner $700 a few weeks ago. Recently he has torn up the blanket's or sponges which lay within reach in his box stall, and several times has shown a disposition to attack his keepers. It was remarked as peculiar that he did not show his evil temper by lopping back his ears when about to kick, but seemed to crouch in a corner of his stall until he thought his keeper was his prisoner, and then, with ears erect, and without warning, tried to knock him down with a forward blow from the hind foot.

His owner determined, upon Dr. House's advice, to have him killed. Fifty people had offered to buy him, but it was argued that, even if he were put to work on a horse car or a stage, he might at any time become frantic, and without warning kill anybody who was within reach of his heels. He was killed yesterday. He trotted 20 miles to his own funeral and died bravely. At 5½ in the morning, before the streets were full of people, he was led out of his stall with a heavy bridle on. A wagon was ready, and Mr. Dietz drove to Hempstead, L. I., Dr. House sitting in the wagon, and leading "Gen. Beauregard" with two long reins. The horse trifled along nervously, apparently conscious that there was mischief brewing. His big eyes glistened, and with ears erect he watched every movement and every passer-by. The Doctor, over nervous lest some one should come too near, waved his arms excitedly at the street crossings to frighten people away. On the ferryboat at Thirty-fourth street great care was taken to keep an open space about the dangerous heels, which seemed to allure the curious-minded. But the "General" kicked nobody. His mind seemed to be pensively bent upon the long journey before him.

He trotted along pesefully and a trifle sadly through Long Island City into the the country. Whenever a stop was made at the wayside inns he was carefully put into a box stall, tied fore and aft, and the grooms of the neighborhood were warned to keep away from him. At the end of 20 miles, trotted dreamily along behind the Doctor's wagon, he was put in a commodious box stall on the place of Mr. R. E. Dietz, near Hempstead. It was deemed a waste of good hay to feed him. He was allowed to rest quietly, however, during the preparations for his execution.

Mr. Ryan had desired an autopsy to discover, if possible, the nature of the "General's" distemper. But at the last hour Dr. House determined that the chances of his discovering anything by an examination after death were too slight to warrant the operation, and it was decided to kill the horse speedily. The procession in which the horse walked to his death was picturesque. The route lay through a shaded lane, across a field of clover in full blossom into the edge of a wood. The "General" walked proudly between Dr. House and Mr. Wm. Dietz, each of whom held a halter. Dr. House's sons and several assistants followed, carrying ropes, straps a bundle of hay for a shroud, and three or four revolvers of different sizes. The historian and chief mourner came sadly in the rear. When the wood was reached, just before noon, the horse gave evidence of a strong suspicion that all was not right. He was a handsome dark sorrel, beautifully dappled upon haunches and sides, 6 years old, and standing about 14 hands high. When the Doctor said "Whoa!" the excited cuipuit stood still, champing his bit. His fore feet were a little apart and braced forward, while his hind feet, close together, were well back. His neck was arched beautifully, and his eyes glared with a frightened stare. Occasionally he rather sighed heavily than snorted.

The long halters were held firmly on either side, so that he could not turn his head. Then Dr. House, his coat off and his arms bared, carefully fastened straps with iron rings in them about the "General's" hind feet and one fore foot. A rope was then attached to the other fore foot and run through all the rings, and four men took hold of the loose end. The "General" looked around him wildly as he felt the fetters. When the word was given the rope was drawn tightly and the four feet of the horse were slowly drawn together in a bunch. The halters were meantime held firmly, and another strong, sudden pull on the rope at the feet threw the "General" off his balance. He sprang into the air like a goat, and with a cry that was almost human fell heavily on his side. His struggle for a brief moment was desperate. He yielded with a groan, and before he could more than appeal with his big eyes to know what it all meant, a bullet from the Doctor's revolver had entered his brain as he lay prone on his side. The struggle was soon over, when half a dozen bullets had been fired into his head. The shoes were taken off as mementoes, and a grave was dug for the "General" near by.

Story of a Beard.

A Russian noblewoman expressing a desire to see a Hebrew whose beard reached to his feet, he was sent for from the distant Province where he lived. The police officials learning that he had been brought to St. Petersburg by Government orders mistook him for an uncommonly bad criminal, and imprisoned him. By this time several weeks had elapsed and both the lady and the Governor who had sent for him had forgotten her whim. So the luckless man might have spent the rest of his days in prison but for the interference of his wealthy relatives. When attention was called to his case and he was ordered on exhibition, it was suddenly discovered that the sole object for his exile had disappeared, for the authorities, in accordance with prison regulations, had had his hair and whiskers clipped close. He was thereupon set loose, congratulated on his narrow escape, and warned "never to do so again."

A Romance of a Poor Young Man.

A reporter of the Philadelphia *Record* recently sought out a young German segar maker in that City named Delaware E. Wennelle, of No. 809 North Ninth street, and found him with $5,000 in greenbacks, preparatory to opening a bank account and going into business for himself on the river front. This came from expending one dollar for a half ticket in the May drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. There will be over $110,000 distributed in like manner July 12th. A venutre often wins.

CATARRHINE make from $25 to $60 per week selling goods for E. G. Rideout & Co. 10 Barclay street, New York. Send for catalog and terms.

A SWINDLING SCHEMER.

The Death of Ellis H. Elias.

Once Worth Half a Million, He Dies Poor—Swindling to Him a Life Study—His Bogus Lotteries and "Sawdust" Schemes.

Cincinnati Gazette.

Ellis H. Elias, formerly a well-known character in this City, who figured in several swindling schemes, died suddenly of rheumatism of the heart at the St. Cloud Hotel, New York City, on Wednesday last, at the age of 42 years.

Deceased was in many respects a remarkable man. He was a very Napoleon in swindling schemes. It had become the study of his life, and he was continually at work, concocting new schemes for taking advantage of his fellow-men. At an early age he was apprenticed in this City to the jewelry manufacturing business of Samuel T. Carley, who for many years, had his establishment at the southwest corner of Fourth and Main street's, where now stands the new Ferguson building. He became proficient at his trade before he became of age, but even at that time showed a remarkable development and facility for taking advantage of others. He soon realized that his talents would open up for him new fields of enterprise and new ways of making money. Cincinnati became too small for him, and he removed to the metropolitan City of New York, where his peculiarly bent of genius found ample opportunity of display. Still, as his brothers remained in Cincinnati (some of them engaged in similar enterprises), he oftentimes visited this City in order to help them by his advice and sharp practice. His swindling proclivities ran into the groove of cheap jewelry and lottery schemes. One of his brothers, several years ago, carried on a bogus jewelry store at No. 16 Fourth street, where now George Elias has his sample room. Ellis H. Elias, the subject of this obituary notice, was the leading spirit of the enterprise, as he was in fact the genius in his peculiar way of the whole family. At that time lottery schemes and swindles were in full blast in different parts of the country. One way of conducting a lottery was to dispose of a whole business, its effects, etc., by means of a drawing. Tickets for this drawing, some of them entitling the holder to a certain prize, were sold to eager buyers. Houses and lots were often offered as prizes in order to secure a more extensive patronage. In this way, for instance, the Crosby Opera House, Chicago, was disposed of. Mr. Elias had been prospering in his questionable business in New York, and was willing to help his brother in Cincinnati. Accordingly, in concert with his brother, he had the lottery, by means of which the jewelry store, 10 West Fourth street, was to be disposed of with all its alleged valuables, extensively advertised both in the newspapers and by means of a circular. Tickets were bought in great quantities, principally by the working classes, who were anxious to receive a gold watch and chain or a set of diamonds for a mere song. Hundreds of dollars thus poured into the pockets of the Eliases. Most of the jewelry was cheap, and would never have realized much except by misrepresentation. Meanwhile, while the lottery scheme was prospering, Ellis H. Elias was quietly selling all the jewelry of the store to parties at good prices, so that when the time of drawing came on, there was not even a store picture left, let alone a gold watch or breast pin for the prizes. Still a drawing came off, or at least was supposed to have taken place, for the numbers with prizes attached were duly published in the morning papers of Cincinnati, occupying a full page in each. Many a laborer, or widow, scanned the list with eagerness, and found that she barely missed, by one or two numbers, winning a gold watch, that was worth, perhaps, about $3. But notes were compared, and it was soon ascertained that not a single number that had been taken won a prize. Immediately after the drawing Ellis H. Elias returned to New York with full pockets.

In course of time his brat for swindling by means of bogus jewelry and lottery schemes increased almost to a monomania. He became a kind of Napoleon in his peculiar craft. He was often noticed by his friends to sit in his arm chair all night, in deep meditation, planning his favorite schemes. He became famous not only in local circles, but all over the country, for his sharp practices. One of the best swindling operations he ever was engaged in happened by his agency in Chicago. A business man in that City had been captured by the lottery craze and was winding up his business in that way, expecting to realize a large sum of money from the scheme. But he found himself after a time going backward, and losing large sums of money. One of his friends suggested to him that Ellis H. Elias, of New York, was the man to put his lottery into shape and realize handsomely from it. He sent for Elias, who, on his arrival, insisted on taking the business entirely into his own management. Thirty thousand dollars had been collected by this lottery, which sum Mr. Elias spent in a few months for advertising purposes. He advertised the scheme in grandiloquent terms all over the country, and so skillfully, though dishonestly, that the rupes who bought tickets could be numbered by the thousands. Day after day envelopes containing money for tickets were sent to him at Chicago. As fast as they came they were deposited into two large trunks where in a short time, they accumulated to the top. None of the envelopes were opened; it was enough to know that each contained money. When the time set for the drawing drew near, Mr. Elias and his partner departed with their heavily freighted trunks for New York. They stopped at one of the large hotels and divided the "swag" between them. Each received $100,000 in cash. The drawing never took place, and to add to the barefacedness of the swindle, the goods that were put up as prizes were afterwards sold, bringing additional profits.

But all his practices were not dishonest. In New York he first came into notice as the proprietor of the "dollar" store under the St. Nicholas Hotel on Broadway. It was an immense concern, received a large patronage, and was carried on according to legitimate principles. But it was too honest a business to last long, and he became bankrupt. He afterwards organized the "bankrupt sale" business, and opened several stores on Broadway for the sale of bankrupt stocks of jewelry and watches. Out of this he started agencies for the sale of Milton gold watches with Geneva works. These he sold from $10 to $250, though costing only $5 to $75 each. He was successful in this branch but the swindle becoming too apparent the business was broken up by the police. During the greater part of this time he was chief of the gang of sawdust swindlers. One of the largest of his agencies, at the corner of Bleecker street and South Fifth avenue, was raided by Capt. Williams, and Mr. Myers, Elias' brother-in-law, was arrested. His office at Broadway and Twenty first street was also raided, and he himself arrested. He was charged with sending circulars over the country offering counterfeit money for sale, and on this charge he was held in $1,000 bail, but the case was never brought to trial. Another enterprise started by him about two years ago was the Silver Mountain Mining Company. A floor was taken in Sixth Avenue, near Twenty-fourth street, and a dozen girls were employed sending out circulars of the company and to which there were abundant replies. The place was broken up by Capt. Williams. He afterward resumed the "sawdust" business on Broadway, near Thirty second street. Capt. Williams seized his mail one morning and took it to the postoffice. It was sent to Washington and afterward returned to Elias, but no attempt was afterward made to send circulars from this place. Last December he suffered from a cold, which settled in his lungs, but he was not confined to his room until about four weeks ago, since which time his decline was rapid. He left a wife in comparatively poor circumstances, although at one time he estimated his wealth at $500,000. His vacillating success and final breaking down in material prosperity is a good proof of the adage, "Honesty is the best policy." He was a man of striking personal appearance—tall, slim, with bright black eyes, pallid features, and a large black mustache. He was quite a sport, and was frequently seen on the road behind a fast team.

His brother, Henry Elias, was formerly the proprietor of the St. James Hotel in this City and always disapproved of the questionable schemes of his brother. Henry was always much esteemed in the community, and is at present residing on his farm near Wheeling, W. Va.

A GENUINE BOY.

Some of the Characteristics of Irwin Garfield, One of the Sons of the President.

Hartford Times.

Master Irwin Garfiled, who is a lad of about 11 years of age, and next to the youngest of the President's sons, is immense, it matters not in what way he is looked at. He isn't in any sense what is called a bad boy, though full of life. He can't bear the idea of being caged up, as it were, in the upper room of the mansion, and insists on coming down stairs where he can see the folks that call. He would much rather go out into the streets and have a game of base ball than do anything else; but this is not allowed.

As soon as his private tutor leaves, generally by 11 o'clock in the day, Master Irwin puts in an appearance in the public part of the mansion. He is not still a minute from that time until he is forced into his little bed at night.

As a bicycle rider he is a great success. Not being allowed to take the machine out on the concrete streets, as other boys are, and ride to his heart's content, he manages to get his bicycle riding in the house, and can be seen any day flying about the east room or the tiled main hall. He claims the right of way in all cases, and if people don't grant it willingly, he asserts himself by riding right through them, regardless of the consequences.

A couple of weeks since he made up his mind that he could walk on the top of an iron rail fence with the skill of the most accomplished tight rope walker. He tried it and failed. When he was picked up it was found that he had given his ankle a severe twist. Three days in bed was the punishment for his efforts, being unable during that time to walk, even if he wanted to.

As soon as he was able to get about he did so, notwithstanding Dr. Boynton's orders to the contrary; and though unable to walk for a couple of days more, he crawled about the floor. His next enterprise was to contract with a carpenter, who happened to pass the house, by talking from an upper window, to make him a pair of crutches so he could get about more readily. The crutches came, but he was not allowed to use them. A day or so after he was able to get about as well almost as ever, though the swelling has not left his ankle yet.

Doing some fancy riding on his bicycle, he attempted to ride out of the front door and out on the portico and down a flight of stone steps into the drive in front. He failed again; and though in this case, he escaped injury himself, the bicycle met with a severe injury, the front wheel being broken and the handle broken off. To day he could be seen flying about the east room on the machine minus handle and one or more spokes to the wheel.

He kicked up a big sensation several days since by trying to pull out his teeth with a shoe hook, and actually had pulled out one tooth before he was discovered.

CARLYLE REMINISCENCES.

Sample Anecdotes to Fill up Space.

Carson Appeal.

Now that every newspaper in the land is contributing little reminiscences of Carlyle to the general fund, the *Appeal* has taken the pains to gather up several anecdotes of the great man which have never seen print.

About five years ago the Prince of Wales called at Carlyle's house and was asked to dinner. The great critic gave the Prince a bowl of mush and molasses, reserving quail on toast, frogs' legs, and a bottle Budweiser for himself. The Prince said:

"I don't like mush."

"Then gnaw the toothpicks, you d—d impudent rascal; who the devil invited you to my house, anyway!"

The Prince was quite delighted with the sturdy old Scotchman's bluntness, and when he got home laughed very heartily over it.

One day Olive Harper, correspondent of the *Ledger*, called to spend the afternoon and begged Carlyle to give his opinion of the great writers.

"I hope you adore Dickens!" she asked.

"Never read the idiot's books."

"Thackeray, of course, you——"

"A stupid ass. I tell you don't mention Thackeray to me, or I'll brain you with a poker."

"Walter Scott!"

"The ——————!"

"Of course you've read my sprightly letters to the *Ledger*!"

"I read one. It came to me from America wrapped around a bottle of California wine. The wine was beastly, and the letter like the wine, only worse. Nothing but dregs. Here, Jeems, kick this woman out of the house."

Miss Harper afterward wrote a column letter to the *Ledger* describing her charming evening with the great man.

When Daniel Webster was in England he met Carlyle on the street and introduced himself. Mistaking him for Noah Webster he gathered a brick and knocked five front teeth in, shouting savagely, "Are you the ——————— who destroyed the English language?"

Finding next day that he had made a mistake and hit the orator, he was very sorry that he had not known it at the time, and calling at the hotel with a shotgun filled Dan with No. 6 gooseshot. Webster was very fond of telling this anecdote, which he thought was very amusing, and gave the shots to his friends as souvenirs of the meeting.

The Deadly Linden.

A St. Louis physician says the linden tree is dangerous to health, being like the deadly upas tree of the East. The St. doctor has been making investigations, and he says: 'Just in the Spring, when the sap was about to rise, I wounded my trees in several places, and collected the exuding gum carefully. I found in it a new and singular alkaloid, to which we gave the name of 'lindoline,' and which fully justified my fears. It is a most deadly poison—some skin to the curare or woorali poison of South America. A very small inoculation upon the skin of a cat, made with a needle simply dipped in the lindoline, killed the animal in 18 seconds. It acts as a nerve existent of great power, and has a real value in the materia medica as an antidote to morphine poisoning and other cases of that kind; but it must be greatly diluted in order to do anything of this kind, as it is intensely virulent. I am quite sure that a pin scratch touched with lindoline would kill a man in a couple of minutes. Of course, like all poisons of this kind it is not one tenth as effective in the stomach as when inoculated; still it is, of course, deadly."

The Superb Roscoe.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"I'd have you understand sir, that Roscoe Conkling is superior to all small annoyances," said an unconquerable Stalwart to a Half Breed who was trying to tease him. "He doesn't mind a flea bite."

"Why should he," observed the latter, "when he's got Tom Platt to scratch it?"

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
A Cooling Drink.

As teaspoonful of Acid Phosphate mingled with a glass of water, properly sweetened, serves to quench the thirst in a more satisfying manner than the juice of lemons or limes.

NEW YORK LETTER.

A Reminiscence of the Bond Street Fire—How a Small Fortune was Washed Out of an Old Cellar.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, June 25.

In Bond street, a few doors east of Broadway, is the new building occupied by D. Appleton & Co., the publishers. The building is six or seven stories high and of rather unique design. It is built mainly of iron, but the fronts instead of being painted white and passed off for marble, is painted and gilded in a tasteful manner, which shows what it really is. It is different from anything else in the City and lights up the dreary monotony of brick, granite and brown stone.

But it is about the ground it stands on and not the building itself that I am going to tell. Four years ago the site was covered by a handsome, supposed to be fire-proof building. It was the headquarters of one of the largest silverware and jewelry manufacturing companies in the country, and its many floors were filled with articles of every kind in gold and silver, jewelry and precious stones, watches, and even bullion—in fact an Aladdin's palace of treasure. One February morning in 1877 New Yorkers awoke to read at the breakfast table of the total destruction of the building and contents by fire. The

"BOND STREET FIRE"

was the talk of the town for a day or two, and then forgotten except by passers-by who noticed the great blackened gap from Broadway. The hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of gold and silver valuables were fused and lay mixed with and under the mass of bricks, ashes slag and other debris in the sub-cellar. The company had the mass of refuse dug over and roughly sifted, and recovered much of the silver in the form of crude bullion, but it was impossible to separate the gold from the ashes and slag with which it was mixed. The owners soon stopped their useless digging and sifting for their scorched treasure, and for a year and a half the mass of rubbish lay undisturbed, exposed alike to the rain and snow and the swarms of Italian rag pickers, bone gatherers and "junk" collectors. Few except the unfortunate owners knew how many tens of thousands of dollars worth of melted metal lay scattered through the six feet of debris. However much there was of it there, it seemed to be out of the reach of every one.

James Roberts at this time was a compositor in a down town newspaper office. He was one of those quiet determined

MEN WHO HAVE BEEN EVERYWHERE,

and knew a little of everything. He had been printer and editor, chemist and machinist; had dug gold in Australia and "panned" it in the placers of California and Colorado; had made a fortune and lost it; owned a sugar plantation in Louisiana; had fought under the stars and bars and lost everything in the war. Since the close of the "unpleasantness" he had drifted about the South doing anything or everything that came in his way. He was working at his old trade in the office of the *Freelance* during the troublous times of the Kellogg and Packard governments in Louisiana, and could tell many stories of the White League and the Kiffe Clubs.

Laid out by an attack of swamp fever which clung to him for months, Roberts came North and to New York to get rid of it, and being a good typo readily found work. As soon as he had saved a few dollars he began to make a working model of an amalgamator on an improved plan of his own. His evenings and all the time he could spare from work in the office of his model and his room soon began to look like an amateur machine shop. But it was slow work, for he was often brought to a standstill. He always said that with a little "start" he could make another fortune as easily as he made the first one.

Roberts was a good mineralogist, and always on the lookout for gold-bearing veins in the most out-of-the-way places. He was anxious to get down to the Georgia gold region when his amalgamator was finished, but was not able to get an outfit. He turned his attention to chances nearer home. He believed that there mineral-bearing legions in the Adirondack and Catskill mountains, and used to interview everybody he could find who knew anything about the geological formation of these regions. One day he heard a story of a vessel which, 80 or 90 years ago, had landed at a little post on the Jersey coast, 50 or 60 miles below New York, and thrown out her load of ballast in order to take on a cargo. The ballast was earth from one of the West India islands, and was dumped on the bank of the river which formed the harbor. Years afterward some one had taken a bag of the earth to a mineralogist and found that it was very

RICH IN GOLD.

But in the meantime the location of the precious dirt heap had been lost, and could not be found again. Roberts took a run down there one Sunday to look at the lay of the land. He said that by "panning" a little dirt here and there it could be found, and claimed that sufficient investigation would enable him to determine what island it came from originally. He could not be bored earnest about, and he declared his intention as soon as his machine was finished of trying it on the Jersey soil. But the want of money interfered with all his projects.

At last the long wished for "start" came in the shape of a legacy of £200 from a relative in Wales (Roberts was a Welshman by birth). This was in the Summer of 1878, and Roberts at once left the case and proceeded to invest his $1,000. He had heard of the treasure lying mixed with the rubbish in the Bond street cellar, and on examination had decided that it could be obtained by "washing" the debris. He had mind enough to see that a hole with the pay-dirt in sight was a far better chance than hunting up a new vein, and he at once went to the agents and secured the right to work over the contents of the cellar. Securing a partner with a few hundred dollars capital Roberts at once went to work.

A SLUICE WAS BUILT AND PLACER MINING BEGUN.

The sluice was about 100 feet long, and ran along outside of the cellar. At one corner the dirt was cleared away down to the bottom, and the earth being removed, it left room for the tailings. I visited Roberts once or twice, and always found him working harder than any of his gang of men. It was interesting to watch the operation of working the dirt, and there was always a fringe of curious spectators around the edge of the cellar. The dirt was dumped by the wheelbarrow load into the sluice in which ran a steady stream of water from the hydrant. Cleats were fastened in the sluice, behind which the fine sand and gold dust lodged. Men stood at intervals with rakes and hoes to stir it up and keep the sluice from being dammed up with stones. When there was a "clean up" the water was shut off, and the sand was carefully scooped up from each cleat. Then it went through the amalgamator, where it was still further separated from the sand. Then the residuum containing the gold, which looked like a mixture of ashes and fine sand, was packed in stout canvas bags and shipped to England to be refined. It was regular placer mining of the most improved sort, but the gold could not be separated simply by washing. The old vault in the cellar, with its iron doors warped and blistered by the terrible heat it had gone through, was used to store the bags of sand in at night. Probably most of the gold in the bags had been in that vault once before, but in a vastly different shape.

Roberts' visitors always liked to poke over the dirt with their canes, for there were

SOUVENIRS BY THE THOUSAND

to be found. I saw a half a bushel or so of watch keys shoveled out one day, all scorched and blackened by fire. Then there was almost any quantity of stones to be picked up, rubies, emeralds, garnets, agates, sapphires and a very few diamonds. Roberts used to have his pockets full of a unique collection of fire-proof gems. There were Waltham watch movements by the hundred, some half-melted and others only blackened, and watch cases and chains, and lockets that would never go round pretty necks. Everything was twisted and blackened like the remains of an old hoop-skirt or corset that has been through the kitchen stove.

It took weeks of hard work to work over the contents of that cellar, and months before any return could be received from the English smelter, but Roberts found plenty of men ready to advance money on the first shipment. When the returns were all in and the partners came to "whack up the pile" they found that each had taken a clear $18,000 out of the Bond street cellar. Unlike most miners, who have made a lucky strike, they did not waste the money and themselves on a prolonged spree. Even the wildcat scheme of searching for a ship load of gold—bearing good at some indefinite point on the Jersey coast—lost all its charms when the money to do it was at hand. Instead of poking among the valleys of the Catskills for placers, Roberts got hold of a factory in Brooklyn, and he went into the manufacture of mining machinery including an amalgamator and separator of his own invention. The factory proved a true bonanza, for a few months after it was started, Roberts and his partner of the cellar enterprise were offered $25,000 for one third interest in their business by a Wall street man who was anxious to see his son provided for.

KELP.

AN ARAB CAFE.

Simple Ingredients of Moorish Enjoyment.

Harper's Magazine for July.

The Hadji had planned to take me to an Arab café—not the café in the square, usually visited by strangers, but to an unadulterated Arab place of entertainment, seldom profaned by the presence of giaours. The Antwerp artist and the Englishman were to accompany us. Just as the edge of a new moon had begun to cut the dark, the Hadji appeared with a lantern fastened to the end of a staff, and we sallied forth.

Save for this lantern and that moon—which did not seem half so good a moon as we have at home—we should have been in Stygian darkness as we stumbled along the unlighted streets. On either hand stretched a high wall, pierced at intervals with a door shaped like a clover leaf, or with a barred casement, divided in the center by a slender pillar, like the windows in the Alcazar at Seville. There were few persons stirring. Now and then a shrouded figure flitted past us and vanished through an inky archway—possibly some beloved slave bearing a scented missive to Fatima or Nouraddin. Now and then a fugitive perfume told us we were near a garden, and a stiff palm tree shot up from behind a wall, and nicked the blue blackness of the sky. On we pressed through the shadows, ourselves shadowy and spectral and silent. The Hadji, haughty and grave, with his scabbard clinking along the stones, seemed like the caliph in the old story book, and we his attendants, on some nocturnal ramble through the streets of Bagdad.

Suddenly our guide halted at a low mean door. Above it was a dimly lighted lattice from which came a murmuring, melancholy sound of voices, accented by a twanging of guitar strings. The flame of the lantern showed us a black hand painted on the masonry at the left of the entrance. That hand appears at the door-side of many of the houses in Tangier, and is a charm to keep off the evil spirits.

Passing up a flight of well worn stone steps we entered the café—a long narrow chamber, separated in the center by the ever recurring horseshoe arch. The whitewashed walls were bare of ornament, save a scarlet vine running round the room just above the mop board. In the first compartment a negro was making coffee at a shelf suspended from the ceiling. In the other section were the guests. Sharp-faced Arab youths and full bearded vicious looking old men squatted on the matting. There was not a piece of furniture anywhere, not even one of those dwarf tables frequently to be seen in Moorish houses.

We took our places on the floor like the others, and after a few words from the Hadji the negro served us with coffee. Each cup was prepared separately and you were supposed to drink the grounds, which constituted a third of the allowance. Nevertheless, it was a delicious beverage. Then four small metal pipes, charged with Turkish tobacco and a grain or two of mild opium, were brought to us. Meanwhile the musicians, seated at the upper end of the hall, never ceased their monotonous, whining strains. Nobody spoke. The younger fellows lolled back against the wall, motionless, with half-shut eyes; the blue smoke slowly floated up from the pipe bowls, and curled itself into arabesque patterns over the solemn, turbaned heads of the old Mussulmans—

"Visters nodding together in some Arabian night."

After a while a man of fabulous leanness arose, and began a kind of dance. He danced only from the hips upward, swaying his arms in the air as he contorted his body, and accompanying himself with a crooning chant. By and by his eyes closed ecstatically, his head leaned far back, an epileptic foam came to his lips. From time to time one of the spectators jerked out a sharp "Jaleo!" to encourage him; others of the audience beat the measure on the palms of their hands, and the tambourines kept up a dull thud. It was in every respect the same dance which the *almas* execute less passionately in Granada. The man ended his performance abruptly, and sat down, and all was silent again, except that the doleful, strident music went on and on, with pitiless reiteration of the same notes.

Looking at it on the surface, it struck me that Moorish enjoyment was composed of very simple ingredients; but looking closer, I suspected there were depths and qualities in this profound and nearly austere repose, in this smouldering passion, with its capricious fiery gleams, which I had not penetrated. Perhaps it was the drug in the tobacco, or perhaps it was a pungent property in the coffee, that sharpened my sense, but presently I began to detect in the music, which had rather irritated me at first, an under-current of meaning, vague and perplexing. The slow dragging andante and the sudden wailing falsetto seemed half to assist and half to belie some inarticulate spirit that strove to distill its secret into the ear. Something that was not the music itself was struggling to find expression through it—the pride, the rage, the inertia, the unutterable despair, of an ancient and once mighty people passing away.

THE TRIALS OF VIRTUE.

The Condition to Which the Democratic Members in Albany are Reduced.

New York Star.

I feel irresistibly drawn toward Albany while the political row is in progress and last week I accordingly ran up there for a breathing spell. Things are in a very mixed condition, financially, among the members of the Legislature. The majority of them—especially the Democrats—haven't a dollar, having spent the last cent of their salary weeks ago, and having nothing to expect until adjournment, when their $500 balance will be paid. The landlords are at their wits' end, having to "hang up" nearly every member in the Assembly, and their prospects of getting their back board paid even a month hence are none of the brightest. A Democratic Assemblyman said to me:

"This thing can't last much longer. See this sign of virtue? [He was walking on his uppers.] Well, that's the way with most of us. The landlords are growling like thunder, and there'll be some tall bouncing unless things come to a focus pretty soon."

"Well," I ventured to remark, "there appears to be plenty of money on the other side of the house."

"That's the devil of it," he exclaimed testily. "You see when any of us fellows manage to scrape enough together to get a good

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that we have certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters containing no name will be consigned to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of THE BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the same is not allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Questions as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a questionable business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the question was answered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf as orders. Letters containing orders for books, Letters in relation to this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

M. C., Warrence, Ill: Address E. D. Williams, Toledo, O.

J. H. M., Palestine, W. Va: Address C. C. Cook, publisher, Chicago, Ill.

T. S. S., Ligonier, Ind.: In 1871 Scotland had a population of 3,360,018, and Ireland, 5,412,377.

S. E. G., New Haven, Conn.: The public lands of the United States still open to settlement lie in 10 States and eight Territories.

C. L. D., Waseland, Ind.: 1. For the Spanish quarter of the date of 1783 see the coins of the cents market.

Tacony, Pa: cents.

A. E., Akron, O.: The area of the United States is generally placed at 3,600,281 square miles; but if we include water surfaces of lakes and bays it is equal to nearly 4,000,000 square miles.

E. L., Brady's Bend, Pa.: What is the Chinese Empire called the Celestial Empire?

It is derived from the Chinese words *Tien Chou*, that is, Heavenly Dynasty, meaning the Kingdom ruled over by the dynasty appointed by Heaven.

J. C. K., South Liberty, Pa.: 1. Is the school law of the State of Indiana similar to that of Pennsylvania? 2. Does the average school in Indiana, as in Pennsylvania, run for nine months? 3. Is it lawful for any person to advertise and sell recipes? 4. If not, what is it, 5. Yes. 3. It depends; 4. It is not lawful to sell recipes to make whisky, etc., and it is lawful to sell recipes to cure corns.

J. D. Jones, Central City, Anderson Co., Kan., writes: "Being a subscriber to your paper I take the liberty to make inquiry through the correspondents' column for some Rebel songs that I heard while a soldier in the Union army. The first piece I wish to make inquiry for is the 'Stars Blue Flag;' also the Union song with the following lines in it: 'Under the hemmed roof nestle so cosy and warm;' also the Rebel song with these lines in, 'Come, come, come, rule,' etc."

E. S., Dunnville, Ill.: 1. What part of Maj. Anderston take in the war at the first fall of Fort Sumter?

In May, 1861, Maj. Anderson was promoted to a Colonelcy, and on the 15th of the same month he was appointed Brigadier General and Commander of the Department of the Cumberland, but his health failed, and he was relieved, and afterward brevetted Major General in the Regular army and retired. In 1868 he went to Europe for the benefit of his health, and died at Nice Oct. 26, 1872.

G. A., Plattsville, O.: 1. What was the origin of the term "Found a mare's nest?"

What we call a nightmare was by our Saxon forefathers supposed to be the Saxon demon mare or mere, a kind of vampire, sitting on the sleeper's chest. These vampires were said to be the guardians of hidden treasures, over which they brooded as hens over their eggs, and the place where they eat was termed their abbs, or nest. The only origin to be suggested, therefore, is from this Saxon fable.

S. H., Greenwood, Neb.: 1. What is meant by "isothermal line?"

"Isothermal" comes from two Greek words, *iso*, equal, and *thermos*, heat. Isothermal line means, therefore, "line of equal heat." It is an imaginary line drawn upon surface of the earth through places whose mean annual temperature is the same. In the United States the isothermal line passes somewhat to the north as we go towards the west; so that places on the Pacific coast are warmer than those in the same latitude on the Atlantic coast.

N. D. A., Tate Springs, Tenn.: 1. What is the composition of German silver?

German silver, or nickel silver, known also under the names of white copper and packfong, is an alloy of copper, nickel and zinc, prepared either by melting the copper and nickel together in a crucible, and adding piece by piece the previously heated zinc, or by heating the finely divided metals under a layer of charcoal, by means of an air furnace of strong draught, and promoting the thorough solution of the nickel by stirring. To destroy its crystaline structure, and so render it fit for working, it is heated to dull redness, and then allowed to cool. At a heat above dull redness it becomes exceedingly brittle; at a bright red heat it melts, and with access of the atmosphere loses its zinc by oxidation.

C. H. R., Benton Grove, Ia.: 1. When and Columbus die? 2. Does the population of the world increase, or decrease? If increases by increase and what decrease? 3. How many inhabitants must a State have for each representative? 4. Give the names of the Senators and Representatives from Iowa. 5. How often do the General Assemblies meet?

1. In Valladolid, Spain, May 20, 1506. 2. All countries show an increase. 3. It is regulated by Congress, which makes an apportionment every 10 years, after each census. The apportionment for 1880 has not yet been made. That for 1870 was 135,939. 4 Senators: McDill, in place of Kirkwood, now member of Cabinet; and Allison. Representatives: McCord, Farwell, Updegraff, Loering, Thompson, Cutts, Kasson, Hepburn, Carpenter. 5. Every two years.

R. S. A., McMinnville, Tenn.: What part of the tobacco is a native? When and where was it first used as a narcotic?

Tobacco is believed to be a native of tropical America; at least it was cultivated and used by the native inhabitants of various parts of that continent long before its discovery by Europeans. In 1492 Columbus found the chiefs of Cuba smoking cigars, and Cortes met with it afterwards, when he penetrated to Mexico. From America it was introduced into Spain. In 1560 it was brought to France by Nicot and in 1586 to England by Sir Francis Drake. Into Turkey and Arabia it was introduced about the beginning of the 17th century, and in 1601 it found its way to Java. The finest qualities of tobacco are now raised between the 15th degree of north latitude, that of the Philippines, and the 35th degree, that of Latakia in Syria.

C. T. S., Summer Hill, Ill.: 1. Which is the inside of a levee, the side next to the river or the side next to the land, subject to one flood? 2. A squirrel is on a tree and a man is on the ground exactly opposite the squirrel. The man in trying to get a shot at the squirrel walks around the tree and the squirrel moves around in an opposite direction, the man and squirrel maintaining their relative position all the time. Question. Has the man walked around the squirrel? 3. Why do barbers have a striped pole for a sign? 4. What is the origin of the three balls as the sign of the pawnbroker's shop?

1. The side next to the river. 2. Most likely the squirrel walked around the man, or the tree walked around the squirrel; but it is not a matter of much importance either way. 3. In olden times barbers also practiced as surgeons, and the sign was used to denote a surgeon's office; they acted very unwisely in discontinuing the practice of bleeding to death and adopting the practice of talking to death. 4. Give it up.

M. T. G., Ashland, Tex.: Will you please give recipes for mixing marine glue and copying ink?

1. Glue—Take of gum shellac three parts, caoutchouc (India rubber) one part, by weight; dissolve in separate vessels, in ether free from alcohol, applying a gentle heat. When thoroughly dissolved, mix the two solutions, and keep in a bottle tightly stoppered. This glue resists the action of water, both hot and cold, and most of the acids and alkalies. If the glue be dissolved in the admixture of ether, and applied as a varnish to leather, along the seam, where it is sewed together, it renders the joint or seam watertight, and almost impossible to separate. 2. Copying ink—Take two gallons of rain-water, ¾ lb. gum arabic, ¼ lb. loaf sugar, ¼ lb. clean copperas, ¾ lb. powdered nut galls; mix and shake occasional for 10 days, and strain. If needed sooner, let it steep in an iron kettle until the strength is obtained.

T. R. M., Mayberry Creek, Va.: 1. What is the origin of the term, "the real Simon Pure?"

The name of a Pennsylvania Quaker in the comedy, "A Bold Stroke for a Wife." Being about to visit London to attend the quarterly meeting of his sect, his friend, Aminadab Holdfast, sends a letter of recommendation and introduction to another Quaker, Obadiah Prim, who is guardian of Anne Lovely, a young lady worth $30,000. Col. Feignwell, another character in the same play, who aspires to Miss Lovely's hand and fortune, availing himself of the accidental discovery of the letter of introduction, succeeds in passing himself on Prim as his expected visitor. The real Simon Pure, calling at Prim's house, is treated as an impostor, and is obliged to depart in order to hunt up witnesses who can testify to his identity. Meantime Feignwell succeeds in getting from Prim a written and unconditional consent to his marriage with Anne. No sooner has he obtained possession of the document than Simon Pure reappears with his witnesses, and Prim discovers the trick that has been put upon him.

A. S. F., Cullews, Tenn.: 1. Will you please give the names of the Presidents and Vice Presidents of the United States from George Washington until now? 2. Please tell what is an Iliad.

We give the Administrations in order—the first named as Presidents, the names following as Vice Presidents: 1-2 Washington, John Adams; 3, John Adams, Jefferson; 4-5, Jefferson, and Burr and Clinton; 6-7, Madison, and Clinton, Gerry and Gallard (acting Vice Presidents); 8-9, Monroe, Tompkins; 10, John Quincy Adams, Calhoun; 11-12, Jackson, and Calhoun and Van Buren; 13, Van Buren, Johnson; 14 Harrison, Tyler; Tyler became President by the death of Harrison; 15, Polk, Dallas; 16 Taylor, Fillmore; Fillmore became President by the death of Taylor; 17, Pierce, King; 18, Buchanan, Breckenridge; 19-20, Lincoln, Hamlin, Johnson; Johnson became President by the death of Lincoln; 21-22, Grant, and Colfax and Wilson; 23, Hayes, Wheeler; 24, Garfield, Arthur. 2. An epic poem composed by Homer on the destruction of Ilium, the ancient Troy; hence the phrase, *Ilias malorum*, an Iliad of woes or calamities, a world of disaster.

Lee, Fort Branch, Ind.: 1. As I gather a great amount of valuable information from the correspondents' column I wish to ask your views in regard to Easter Sunday. I got the impression somehow that Easter Sunday was the first Sunday after the first full moon, proceeding a Friday after the 21st day of March. Am I correct—or if the moon falls Saturday, March 22, will Sunday be Easter?

In early times the proper day on which to celebrate the festival of Easter gave rise to many dissensions, and at one time threatened a split in the Catholic Church. In 182 an effort was made to have the Jewish rule of celebrating Easter on the 14th day of the moon of March, adopted as a rule of faith, but it failed, and different days were celebrated. In 325 the subject was brought before the Council of Nice, and finally settled for the whole church by adopting the rule which makes Easter day to be always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21; and if the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after. By this arrangement Easter may come as early as March 22, or as late as April 25. In France the year began with Easter from the 12th century, for which year Charles IX. fixed January 1 as the first day.

C. W., Logansport, Ind.: 1. Who was Princess Charlotte? 2. How many Republics are in Europe? 3. What is a trunk railway? 4. What are these particles of matter which, by their vibrations, give rise to the phenomena of heat?

1. Princess Charlotte was born July 7, 1840; married July 27, 1857, to Archduke Maximilian, elected Emperor of Mexico July 10, 1863; she was widowed June 19, 1867, by the execution of Maximilian in Mexico. 2. There are 20 Republics. 3. The main line of a railway. The term is generally used now in connection with railroads running to tidewater. 4. This is a question which, to answer fully, would take more space than we have to devote to one subject. There is nothing absolutely known as to the cause of heat. The question as to whether it is a substance or an accident has been discussed, without result, since the times of Bacon. By those who consider heat to be a material substance, it is called *caloric*, and is supposed to be a subtle fluid universally diffused, and capable of permeating the densest substances. Those who regard heat as merely accidental to matter, consider that the artificial production of heat is accompanied by vibratory motions in the interior molecules of the heated substances. This theory is open to great objection, for heat is propagated through a vacuum; and even if it is supposed that all space is filled with a fluid, in order to account for solar heat, the hypothesis loses its simplicity, and is very vague.

Inquirer, Sugar Grove, Wis.: Please tell me something about the Koran—when was it written, and by whom?

The Koran is the sacred book of the Mohammedans, and consisted originally of fragments dictated by Mohammed to amanuenses. The subject matter purported to be a divine revelation to him, but consisted evidently of a compilation of ancient Arabic traditions, extracts from the Hebrew Bible, the Christian New Testament, the Talmud and Midrash of the later Jews, the tenets of the Magi, and the apocryphal sacred writings. No attempt was made to compile these fragments, written from time to time at Mohammed's dictation, until after his death. The writing had been executed on parchment, bones, stones, and palm leaves, and some portions of the dictations were unwritten and had only been committed to memory by his attendants. Omar caused the Caliph Abu Beir to collect all he could of these fragments and sayings, and the latter intrusted the task to Said ibn Said, who gave his completed work to his employer. On the death of Abu Bekr, the Koran was handed to Omar, who bequeathed it to his daughter Hafsah, a widow of the prophet. Ten years later the Caliph Othman employed the original compiler, with several other Koreishites, to make several copies with revisions and additions of fragments said to have been omitted. These copies having been completed, all other copies and fragments were destroyed, so that there is no present means of knowing exactly what changes in the text had been made by these experts. This finished work, made about A. D. 650, is the Koran of the present day.

S. G. S., Ladore, Kan.: Please give a short description of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and the necessary steps to be taken to enter it.

The Naval Academy was established in 1845 by Hon. George Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy. The Academic Board is composed of the Superintendent of the institution, who must be an officer of the Navy, not below the rank of Commander; the Executive Officer, or Commandant of Midshipmen, with four assistants, who must be either Commanders or Lieutenants in the Navy, and who discharge the duties of instructors in seamanship, naval tactics and pyrotechnical gunnery; and the Professors of Mathematics, of Steam Engineering, of Astronomy, Navigation, Surveying, etc. The Academic Staff consists of the members of the Academic Board as heads of the different departments, assisted by 61 professors and instructors. The grounds connected with the establishment are extensive and contain a naval hospital which cost $120,000, buildings for recitation and lecture rooms, mess rooms, dormitories, officers' quarters, a philosophical hall and laboratory, and an astronomical observatory. The observatory has an equatorial telescope, with a fine achromatic lens of 7¾ inches clear aperture, and 16 feet focal length, and a very complete collection of minor instruments used by the astronomer, surveyor and navigator. The Academy has a library of over 15,000 volumes, to which additions are made annually. Two sloops of war are attached to the institution, used during the Summer months, as practice ships, and for sailing upon an ocean voyage. Candidates (who must be over 15 and under 18 years of age) are admitted after passing a thorough physical examination, as well as an examination in the elements of an English education. They remain four years under strict discipline, before they are examined for admission into the navy as midshipmen. Each Congressional district is entitled to send two students to the Academy, and the President to appoint 10 at large. Your member of Congress is the proper person to apply to.

A. M., Newmanstown, Pa.: Where is the island of St. Helena? How many acres does it contain, and what is its population?

The famous isle was discovered on St. Helena's day, and since then has borne the name of the mother of Constantine the Great. The navigator who first sighted and christened it was Juan de Nova Castella, a Spaniard in the service of the Portuguese, at a time when Western maritime Europe was awaking to a realizat on of the fact that to Castile and Aragon Columbus had given a new world. St. Helena remained unknown to the other nations till 1588, when it was observed by Capt. Caverdish. The Portuguese lost possession of it, the Dutch acquired it. From 1650 to 1672 it was occupied alternately by the Dutch and English, and then it fell to the latter power. The East India Company was granted it by a charter from Charles I. From October 16, 1815, till his death, May 5, 1821, it was the place of exile of the first Napoleon, and there his body remained until it was removed to France in 1840. The island was made a crown colony in 1834, with a Governor and other officers under the control of the home government. St. Helena has an area of 47 English square miles, its greatest length is 10½ miles, and is about 700 miles southeast of the island of Ascension, 1,400 west of the coast of Africa, and 2,000 east of Brazil. Formerly it imp rted supplies for vessels bound to and from india and for whaling ships, but the opening of the Suez Canal has diverted the trade to the East, and now whaling vesse's are rarely seen. Rugged and precipitous cliffs, from 600 to 2,000 feet high, encircle the island, and within this belt are peaks, the loftiest of which—Diana's—has an altitude of 2,700 feet. Of volcanic origin, the island is watered by numerous brooks, and one-fifth of its surface is fertile; the vegetation instead of being tropical, is European. There is a population of over 6,000 souls, about 120 of whom are troops.

Farmer, Hardinville, Ill.: Who was the first physician to discover and name the fatal disease known as trichinosis?

The London Times says that the modern knowledge of trichinosis, and the steps by which that knowledge has been gained, form one of the most curious chapters in the annals of science. Many years ago Sir James Paget, then a student, observed that the muscles of a subject he was dissecting were thickly beset by fine particles, like grains of white sand, and he applied himself to ascertain their nature. He found that each particle was a little cell, or bag covered by a calcareous envelope, and containing a tiny worm, curled up into a spiral twist. The worm received the name of *trichina spiralis*, and was described as a parasite inhabiting human muscles, but not even a guess was made as to the way in which it gained access to them, or as to the symptoms which might indicate its presence. In course of time, the natural histories, the migrations, and the changes of form of other parasites having in the meanwhile been closely studied, trichinæ were again seen in human muscles, and the discovery led to minute inquiry into the particulars of the illnesses from which the person in whom they were found had suffered. It was ascertained that he had, either as the immediate percursor of death or at some other period, been attacked by a malady which had been "fever," but which presented unusual symptoms; and as the chief varieties of fever had then recently for the first time been distinguished from one another, these unusual symptoms were perceived to possess significance. It was suggested that they might be connected with the presence of the parasites, and experiments were devised for the purpose of testing the accuracy of the supposition. Carnivorous animals were fed with scraps of the trichinaloaded muscles, and were killed at various periods afterwards for the purpose of examination. The results at first obtained were verified by successive repetitions of the process; and, at length, the whole facts of the case were disclosed. Briefly stated, the conclusions arrived at were that the trichinæ in the encapsuled condition, as they were first seen, were dormant and for the time harmless adults, and that they might remain in this state for an indefinite period. As soon, however, as the flesh containing them is swallowed, and the calcareous capsules are dissolved by the action of the digestive fluids of the stomach, the contained worms are set a liberty within the alimentary canal, where they speedily deposit myriads of ova. In the course of a few days these ova are hatched, and give exit to innumerable young trichinæ, individually insignificant but collectively formidable. Each of them is furnished with a sharp extremity by means of which it can perforate all the soft tissues of the body, and the whole brood start upon their travels, their ultimate object being to arrive at muscle, in which they may become encapsuled, until, by being again swallowed, they repeat the history of their race.

Information Wanted.

S. E. M. (no postoffice) asks for the address of Dr. James Hammond.

R. T. Brofford, Des Moines, Ia., wants the address of Rev. John Smiley Strene.

A. Campbell (no postoffice) wishes the address of Capt Hansen, 4th Mo. Cav.

C. F. Huckleberry, Tracy, Marion Co., Ia., wants the address of Edward Woodward.

F. M. Gard, Marshalltown, Ia., wants the address of Capt. C. H. Haskins, Co. H, 15th Iowa Inf.

Thos. Hunt, Monroe, Sevier Co., Utah, wants the address of John Moon; last heard of in Illinois.

S. W. Hardesty, Needy, Or., wants the address of Sargt. Brunner and Capt. B. F. Humphrey, 7th Mo. Cav.

C. L. Guthrie, Parkersville, Kan., wants the name and address of the Surgeon and Assistant Surgeon of the 38th Ill. Inf.

T. J. Sexton, Springport, Mich., wants the address of Col. S. A. Simkon, 23d Ill. Inf., and Capt James Burns, same regiment.

James H. Wallace, Folsomville, Warwick Co., Ind., wants to learn the address of J. M. Craig, Quartermaster First Division Ind. Cav.

Albert Grove, Princeton, Kosciusko Co., Ind., wants the address and full names of Surgeons Smith and Rutledge, 2d Cav. and 45th Ind. Inf.

N. A. Walker, Holden, Johnson Co., Mo., wants the name and address of Hospital Steward Watson, 98th O. V. I., on the Atlanta campaign.

W. T. Shoemaker, Norton, Kas., wishes the address of Capt Henry Lossberger, Co. B, 12th Regt. Ill. Cav., or some two of the boys who fought under him.

P. S. Hughes, Johnstown, Bates Co., Mo., desires the address of Capt. Thomas W. Hurst or Lieut. Elisha B. Hamilton or Joseph Gill, of Co. B, 118th Ill. Vol., in 1865.

J. S. Fox, Bartlett, N. Y., wants the address of Dr. Spencer, Assistant Surgeon in Stewart Hospital, Richmond, in June, 1864; also of Dr. E. W. Carpenter, 9th Vt. Inf.

Abraham Edwards, Glenwood, Ia., wishes the address of William Waddell, who was on detailed duty at Grierson's Headquarter Stables at Memphis, Tenn., in the Fall of 1864; also of Dr. Warner, Oculist and Manager of Overton House Hospital at the same place and time.

H. P. Person, Reedsburg, Sauk Co., Wis., asks for information of any members of Co. M, Harris Light Cav., known as 2d New York Cav., during the years 1862-63; also for the address of the Surgeon in charge of house at Point Lookout, Md., during the years 1864-65.

J. S. Pennell, Sijourney, Ia., wants the address of Joseph Humphrey, Second Lieutenant Co. E, 1st Va Cav; also of Hiram Robanet, Lieutenant of same company; also of Henderson M. Smith, Orderly Sergeant of Co E, 1st W. Va. Cav., or the address of any other member of the company.

Information Furnished.

N. N. A., Polo, Pinto, Tex.: A letter addressed "Cyrus W. Field, New York City," will reach that gentleman.

If J. N. P., Winterset, Ia., will sent his full address to Henry Calkins, Ashland, Neb., he can obtain a copy of the song "Hell on the Wabash," for which he inquired May 12.

N. H., Waterloo, Ind.: We cannot undertake to recommend the shortest system of phonography. If you start on Pittman, you will wish you had tried Graham, and if you start on Graham, you will wish you had tried Pittman. Close study and perseverance count for more than the book adopted.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $1.20, signed Jas. Dinwiddie, no postoffice, county or State.

Letter containing $1.25, dated at Leisening, Fayette Co., Pa., no name attached.

Letter containing $1.25, stamped Oak Lodge, Indian Ty., no name attached, and no order as to what is wanted.

Letter containing $2, dated at Clinton, Mich., signed Albert Chase; no order as to what is wanted.

Letter containing $1, signed James P. Dunaway. Can't read address.

Will Philo Hayes, of Miles City, give his full postoffice address, and the matter in reference to check No. 785 will be looked up.

Letter containing 40c, dated Pulaski, no County or State, signed John T. McCarthy, to pay for Blade for A. S. Beadle.

Letter containing 50c, dated at Vinton, Neb., no name attached.

Letter containing $1.25, St. Louis, no County or State. Signed C. W. Moffit, Agent.

Letter containing $2, to pay for five Blades, signed J. M. Mosstarger, no Postoffice, County or State.

The Sunday School.

The Call of Moses.

[LESSON 3, SUNDAY, JULY 17, 1881.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And he said, Certainly I will be with thee.—Exod. 3: 12.

LESSON TEXT.

Exod. 3: 1-14.

1. Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law, the priest of Midian; and he led the flock to the back side of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even Horeb.

2. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and the bush was not consumed.

3. And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight why the bush is not burnt.

4. And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, here am I.

5. And he said, draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.

6. Moreover he said, I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon God.

7. And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows.

8. And I am come down to deliver them out of the hands of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land into a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey; unto the place of the Canaanites, and the Hittites, and the Amorites, and the Perizzites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites.

9. Now therefore, behold the cry of the children of Israel is come unto me: and I have also seen the oppression wherewith the Egyptians oppress them.

10. Come now therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt.

11. And Moses said unto God, who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt.

12. And he said, Certainly I will be with thee, and this shall be a token unto thee, that I have sent thee: When thou hast brought forth the people out of Egypt, ye shall serve God upon this mountain.

13. And Moses said unto God, Behold, when I come unto the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you, and they shall say to me, What is his name? what shall I say unto them?

14. And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM: and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law (v. 1).—There is no greater business in this world than one's own business. Keeping sheep is not a work of superior merit in and of itself; but when keeping sheep is a man's duty, it is a great deal more meritorious in that man than staying in a palace—where he doesn't belong. If you have sheep to keep, keep them. If you have a team to drive, drive it. If you have a shop to tend, tend it. If you have a lesson to learn, learn it. If you have a home to look after, look after it. Whatever you have to do, do it. No better record is needed of any man, than that he knew his business and stuck to it.

The Angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of a bush (v. 2.) God is not limited in his ways of appearing to his children. Wherever they are, in the line of their duty, they may look for the signs of God's presence. If one is in a desert he is likely to see God's presence in a bush or a flower there as he would to see that presence in a church chancel in his city home. He who is shut in a sick room can have all of the nearness to God there which could ever come to him at a prayer meeting or at the Communion table, when that was his place of privilege. It is where we belong, rather than where we think God belongs, that is the point of our greatest nearness to God, and of our highest enjoyment of intercourse with him.

I will now turn aside (v. 3.) The man who will never turn aside is sure to miss some great sights in this world, and some great opportunities also. It is all very well to talk about going straight ahead in one's life course, without being turned aside by anything either great or small. Going ahead is a man's duty—when it his duty; and turning aside is a man's duty—when that is his duty. A call to a vacation when we should like to study or work without stopping, is in it's time, a call of God to turn aside instead of going ahead. A call for help is sometimes a call for us to turn aside—a call which ought not to be disregarded. A call on us by a friend or by a stranger, when we are busily engaged in what we would like to keep at, is sometimes a proper call to us to turn aside—and sometimes it isn't. It is a great thing to know when to go ahead, and when to turn aside. Each thing is an imperative duty in its time. You ought to find out which is your duty of the hour, and then do it, whether you like it or not.

And he said, Here am I (v. 4.) The duty of answering God's call isn't as prominent with us as the duty of calling on God. All of us call on God, and expect him to answer. But all of us are prompt to answer "Here am I" when his call comes to us. It is not that God needs to be told where we are. He knows that before he calls us. But it is that we need to express our willingness to receive and to do his bidding. Every morning when we go to God in prayer to ask him for daily strength and daily bread, we ought also recognize his call on us for daily service, and reply to that call in hearty submissiveness. "Here am I Lord, what can I do for thee?"

I know the their sorrows (v. 7.) Never a child of God had a sorrow that God didn't know—know in its origin, know in its particulars—know in its results. Most of us have sorrows that other people know nothing about. Some whose sorrows are heaviest are looked upon as those who have no sorrow. Many are sorely tried because there is no one to know and to share their secret sorrow—the sorrow that they must conceal every sign of. Yet no one need feel that his sorrow is unknown to God; or that, being known, it is not a cause of loving, sympathetic interest to Him who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," and who has "borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."

Come now therefore, and I will send thee (v. 10) If we are ready to do God's bidding he will be sure to have a mission for us. God has no more servants than he has work for. But God knows when he wants his servants. The trouble why so many are unemployed is because they are not ready to go where God would send them; and God is not ready to send them anywhere else. Not where we think we could do most duty, is the hopeful field for us. You may be readier than Moses was to go the king's great nation; but God's plan for you may be to draw water or to feed sheep in the back part of the desert. Are you as ready to go to the one place as to the other? Do you are, God will send you to the place he sees best for you.

Who am I, that I should go? (v. 11.) That is a poor question for any servant to ask of his master. It is not an indication of modesty, but rather of self-consciousness. The Master knows what he wants, and whom to send of an errand. If the servant's thoughts is on his Master, he is quick to jump as the Master directs. If he stops to think about himself he will be in doubt about his ability, and will delay to do as he is told. "Who are you?" Why, you are of very little account anyway. The Master knows that, and he chooses you because of your insignificance. You are just little enough to be used by him for his purposes. Don't wait to consider worthlessness. That is understood to begin with; but hear what the Master tells you to do and do it.

I will be with thee (v. 12.) The servant doesn't even have to go alone on his Master's errands. The Master goes also. The servant need have no fear of danger; for the Master is at hand to protect him. He need never doubt as to what he is to do next, or how he is to do it; for the Master is within call to give him counsel. Omnipresence and omniscience are with us—all power and all wisdom for our work—in whatever we have to do for the Lord. Why should we hesitate, why should we fear, in any service to which we are summoned of God? The doubt, if it comes, is a doubt of our Savior, not of ourselves. The responsibility is his, not ours, while he is with us, and we are doing his bidding.

What shall I say unto them? (v. 13.) If we are going to say anything to others, we need to know what we are to say. Unless we know what we are to say before we say it, our hearers are not likely to know what we have said after we have said it. Preparation for our work is our first duty as workers. Whether it be in the family, in the Sunday school, in the prayer meeting, or in the pulpit, that we have a message for God to deliver, to the young or to the old, to the believer or unbeliever, we ought to ask of God before hand—ask reverently and confidently—"What shall I say unto them?"

Thus shalt thou say . . . I AM hath sent me unto you (v. 14.) It is only as God's messenger that the message of God has power. He who speaks in his own name speaks on his own responsibility; there is no promise or evidence of God's presence with him. "Thus saith the Lord!" has more real weight in all preaching and teaching than "Thus say the classics!" or "Thus say the commentators!" Moses was not sent to argue with the Hebrews, although "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words." He was sent to them in the name of the Lord, as a servant bringing a message from his Master and theirs. That is the only safe way for any preacher or teacher. If men will not heed God's words they will not heed any body's words. "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

ISABELLA II.

A Queen Who is Fat, Sixty, Jolly, and Not Very Reputable.

Correspondence Philadelphia Times.

When Paris has nothing else to talk about—though, by the way, there is never such a time but at certain intervals—Paris gives its immortal mind to talking about that fat (not fair) and 60 dame, the ex Queen of Spain, Isabella Segundo. Her stout Majesty is a philosopher. Hers is the jolliest exile that ever a woman of pleasure passed. She has been winning the affections of the French every day since that eventful July afternoon when word came over the Spanish border that the Army had gone over to Prim and the Rebels. Unlike other monarchs out of business Isabella did not sit down and plot to go back to a people that from excess of adulation changed to a fury of hatred and reviling. Possessing herself of one of the most charming and conspicuous sites in the fashionable quarter, near the Trocadero, on the Avenue of the King of Rome, she set up a Sardanapalian style of living and entertaining that soon made her palace the very center of maelstrom.

She was too old to change her ways of life, nor did her new neighbors ask it. So that she lavished her money freely, and she seems to have had abundance from the first, the censorious drew a veil over the irregularities which, however admissible in royal lives, are generally thought to be best veiled in private station. Her stout Majesty did not, as in her younger days, select the objects of her liasons from the stout and well developed guards. She yielded so far to the proprieties that only men of rank were permitted to occupy those intimate relations which in her reigning days fell to the lot of the first comely trooper Isabella's quick eye happened to fall upon.

Her husband, Don Francisco d'Assiz, like a wise man and prudent husband, accepted quarters of the Queen's bestowal in Paris, living tranquilly and decorously *en garcon*, drawing his allowance from his amorous and sprightly consort with meek regularity and making no complaint against the Marforios and other Lotharios sharing his wife's more favored intimacy.

The freak that has made Isabella the latest topic is her proffer of a dower to the daughter of President Grevy. The old lady became quite fond of the President after his installation, for some whimsical reason—it is said because the shifty countryman had made known to her in royal form his accession to the Chief Magistracy of the Republic. It is noticed with amusement that she is regular in attendance on the balls at the Elysees and gossips with much affability with the simple-minded President. For this she has been "cut" a good deal by the Faubourg St. Germain, but as the jolly old lady doesn't care a rap for the society of women, that interdict probably doesn't disturb her much. Her charity and good nature endear her to the poor of Paris. She is adored by the journalists, who are treated with familiar indulgence in her palatial home, and they do not always remember the obligations of hospitality. She abores the *Figaro*, whose thinly-veiled obscenities are more too rich flavor for her florid Southron blood. One of her greatest larks is a surprise party to the rooms of that journal occasionally, after the opera, to see the writers at work and the presses in motion, the evening ending with a sumptuous banquet at her jolly Majesty's expense.

Her dressing is one of the trials of her immediate friends. She insists in her mature years in disporting her plump form in all the youthful grandeur of her girlish days. She is seen in costumes of pure white, decorated with ropes of pearls, flashing tiaras worth a kingdom's taxes, and the gayest trifles of a belle's toilette. Occasional fits of economy at at Madrid cut down her pin money, and then she brings her son, the King, to terms by advertising her jewels at auction. As some of these are supposed to be crown property Alfonso, to save the dynasty the humiliation of such a spectacle, orders the jolly old lady's allowance doubled. She is a philosopher in her way. When her son married the Archduchess Christine in 1879, she insisted, greatly to the discomfort, not to say terror, of the Ministry and King on taking part in the marriage ceremonies in Madrid. Her son expostulated, beseeching her to remember that the Madrileuse had torn down her statues and burned her in effigy in 1878. She was unmoved. She was going to see if every one of the men who had made themselves conspicuous in denouncing her in the Cortes would not be the first to go on their knees to her. And sure enough, when her train crossed the frontier at Irun the very first person to receive her kneeling was a ferocious Republican who had denounced her in the Legislature as a disgrace to womankind. In Madrid, as soon as her carriage appeared, the populace were wild with enthusiasm and she had the satisfaction of seeing the King and Queen pass unnoticed. She went back contentedly to Paris, declaring that she would rather be an exile there than reign in Madrid. This is mutually satisfactory to both sides, for the Spaniards do not want her extravagant government, and the Parisians are delighted to entertain her.

A Subterranean Ice Pond.

From the Aurora (Nev.) Herald.

We have heard of subterranean rivers, lakes caves and springs, subterranean deposits of all kinds of metals and minerals, but no place out in Aurora have we ever seen or read of a subterranean ice pond. Last Wednesday we took a trip down to one of the old slopes of the Wide West Mine of Last Chance Hill, where we had to crawl down through the old channel for a distance of about 200 feet, from which the ore had all been extracted. In some places the opening in 10 or 12 feet thick, and in other places not more than space enough for a man to drag himself through. Here we find, at the depth of 200 feet, a large pond of water covered with magnificent, clear ice, about nine inches thick. We had the pleasure of assisting the watchman of the mine to saw ice off the pond on the 1st day of June, when the thermometer stood at 81 degrees in the shade on the surface 200 feet above. The Del Monte Company furnishes the Bank Exchange saloon with ice from this pond. On account of the many shafts from the surface, and connections being made with them by drifts and stopes below, the current of air is so cold that the ice is continually making. Here is a chance for ice men to experiment.

WARRANTED the greatest pain reliever in the world, Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment. Thirty-four years established, and never failed to cure croup, spasms, colic, chronic rheumatism, old sores, and pain in the limbs, back and chest. Over 500 physicians recommend it, and 1,000 certificates can be seen at the depot, 42 Murray street. No one has once tried it but continues to use it and recommend it to their friends. Ladies will find this Liniment will immediately eradicate Pimples, Freckles and Blotches, also restores Gray Hair to its natural color, and perfectly harmless. 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Sold by the druggists

The Rugby Colony.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The English colony at Rugby, Tenn., which was founded by Mr. Thomas Hughes as a sort of agricultural Canaan, where muscular Christianity could flourish, and where British mothers could demonstrate their inherent superiority over American, is slowly, but surely coming to grief. Many of the colonists were born of good family, who had been going too fast in the old country, and who were sent out to Rugby by their friends, to be under Mr. Hughes' eye. Of course, if Rugby is to be a penal colony for the punishment and cure of drunkenness and dissipation no great agricultural success is to be expected from it. The young gentlemen who are in course of reformation are said to have contracted a rabid thirst for moonshine whisky, and several of them are already interested in illicit stills hidden in the mountains.

For the Blade.

CONKLING.

The man who was known as Lord Roscoe
Thought the people would not let the boss go,
But he finds

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

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NASBY IN EUROPE.

[May 10th, Mr. D. R. LOCKE, (Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby) will sail for Europe, for the purpose of contributing a Series of Letters to this Blade. These letters will cover a period of six months, commencing June 1st.

They will be written in Mr. Nasby's peculiar vein, and will be as lively as he can make them. The TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is the LARGEST Political and Family paper in the United States, and in addition to this feature, contains a dozen others, known to and approved, by a majority of the families in every State and Territory.

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Those desiring those letters complete and the portrait will do well to send their orders early. We shall print enough, to be able to send back numbers, but the supply will doubtless be exhausted in a month. Send your orders immediately.

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Circulation this Week, 82,000

THE comet is now like CONKLING in having seen its best day.

GREECE has 129 newspapers, 55 of which are published in Athens.

GEN. SHERMAN has been late to dinner only once in 31 years. So says his wife.

GERMANY last year lost 11,454 young men liable to military duty by emigration to the United States.

FRANCE expects to raise enough wheat this year to supply her home market, a thing she has not done in many years.

MR. PARNELL wants $500,000, and is coming over here to get it. The servants and hod-carriers must be saving up their pennies.

SOME astronomers say the comet's tail is four million miles long, and some 35 millions; but this little discrepancy of 31 million miles is hardly worth noting.

ROCHEFORT and DECASSAGNAC, the two most inveterate duellists in France are again quarreling. Another affair of honor will probably be heard of ere long.

BEWARE of eating bologna sausage and drinking diluted alcohol. That was what 13 Hungarians did down in Pennsylvania and they were all poisoned. At latest accounts five were dead.

GEORGIA calls herself the Empire State of the South, and she deserves the title, in consideration of the way in which she has dropped old prejudices and gone to work to retrieve the past.

THE most unreasoning Conklingists must admit that Sessions is entitled to a speedy trial, and that to deny him this is to outrage a man who is suffering deeply under what is claimed to be an unjust stigma.

HARVARD COLLEGE has received the past year over a half million dollars in gifts, which is double the annual average. The institution is rapidly developing from a college into a university, which will in time vie with those of Oxford and Cambridge.

RUMORS come of a Mormon conspiracy to establish a theocracy of their own, independent of the United States. To do this they have ceased to concentrate in Utah, but according to a systematic plan they are spreading all over the Territories, through the fertile valleys and along the water courses, multiplying with the greatest rapidity. They have made themselves independent of the outside world; they raise their own crops and have factories to produce everything they need, so that the United States could not starve them out. They are also, according to this report, making friends with the Indians, whose minds they are industriously poisoning against the General Government. The report which accords with the views of all other investigators is to be presented to the President.

OUR REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

The edition of this work we elsewhere offer to our readers at $1.00 post-paid by mail, is published by the well known house of LEE & SHEPARD, Boston. This announcement is a sufficient guarantee of its accuracy. We selected their edition because it is the very best for the money, and we guarantee it to be an exact reproduction of the authorized Oxford edition. We are mailing large quantities of them daily. Every family should have a copy.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE astounding attack upon the President by the lunatic GUITTEAU, overshadows all other topics. Nothing since the assassination of LINCOLN has moved the people so profoundly as this totally unexpected striking down of the one who seemed more securely enthroned in the hearts of all than any President who ever occupied the chair. The assassin appeared so sane, and had so much method in his procedure that no one could resist at least a suspicion that he was the agent of a conspiracy, but when the motive of such a conspiracy came to be sought for it could not be found. Gen. GARFIELD'S death can be of little advantage to any one, and certainly not enough advantage to any one to make them even meditate so fearful crime as a violent taking him off. Besides, it is so foreign to the American character to consider assassination as a political measure, that the people shrank with horror at the bare suggestion of its being an element in our political machinery. Now the universal belief is that the assault upon the President was the insane outburst of a man whose intellect has for years become more and more warped by failures and disappointments, and that to hint that he has accomplices and allies is to insult the loyalty and honor of our people.

As we go to press the probabilities that the President will recover from his wound seem to be gathering force. He has a magnificent constitution, his health has always been excellent, he has made little use of tobacco or stimulants in his life, and consequently the tone of his system is of the highest. All these considerations are strongly in his favor, and if his wound is not necessarily fatal he will recover. The prognostications of the physicians in attendance are assuming a much more definately cheerful tone than at any time since the shooting.

EXCEPT the withdrawal of PLATT there has been no change in the Senatorial struggle at Albany, which has gone on quietly, with the same droning routine. The sham Stalwarts who were voting for PLATT have divided themselves around among the other candidates of their political affiliations—Mr. CROWLEY being the favorite, who now receives about 20 votes.

MR. PLATT has retired from the canvass for Senator very much as a badly burning candle extinguishes itself: that is, leaving a bad smell behind. The precipitancy of his retirement on the morning after the scandalous exposure at the hotel was a virtual confession of the truth of the story put in circulation. At the same time the story reflects quite as little credit upon his exposers as upon him. It requires quite a strong stomach to read complacently of 15 members of the Legislature of the first State in the Nation engaging in an undertaking to socially ruin an ex-Senator and a prominent candidate for re-election, and constituting themselves a band of sneaking spies for that purpose. The spectacle of these 15 men tiptoeing around the hotel corridors in their stocking feet, and slyly climbing step-ladders to peer over transoms into sleeping rooms is as about the most contemptible of anything in the history of the New York Legislature,—which is saying a great deal. PLATT ought to and could have been beaten by decent means. This nauseating performance was a serious lowering of all engaged in it. We are happy to believe it impossible outside of Albany, unless probably at Harrisburg.

THE question of the Presidential succession is now a very interesting one. The Constitution and laws of the United States provide that when the President and Vice President are both removed from their offices, or disabled from performing the duties of the same, the President *pro tem* of the Senate shall become President, and in case he is not available, the Speaker of the House of Representatives shall succeed to the office. But in this instance there is neither a President *pro tem* or a Speaker, so that if Pres. GARFIELD dies and anything should happen to ARTHUR, the Nation would be without a President until the Secretary of State could call an extraordinary session of Congress, to order a new election, which the law says must be done, if there is an interval exceeding two months between the vacating of the offices of President and Vice President and the period for holding the regular quadrennial election.

WHAT will be GUITTEAU'S punishment, if the President survives, and it is found that the would be murderer is of sound mind? Nothing more than if he had shot and seriously wounded any other resident of the District of Columbia. He will be indicted and punished for an assault with intent to kill. The spirit of our laws does not assume any more sanctity for the person of the President than for that of any other citizen. This seems strange, when we remember the fearful punishment inflicted in other countries upon the men who have raised their hands against their rulers: the boiling in oil, hewing to pieces, tearing asunder by horses, and all other ingenious methods of inflicting terrible pain upon the culprit. The mere assault upon the person of a ruler—whether it be followed by any ill consequences or not—is held in all European countries to day to be high treason and punishable with death. And the punishment is almost invariably inflicted, too.

TUNIS, which seemed to yield very quietly to French control, has now become exceedingly agitated by an insurrection which broke out at a place called Sfax, and is spreading through the country, creating a great deal of alarm among all Europeans, who have taken refuge, wherever it is possible, on board the ships in port.

THE foreign dispatches for the past few days have been mostly expressions of feeling with regard to the shooting of Pres. GARFIELD. As might be expected those expressing the deepest, most heartfelt sympathy come from England. The land bill seems to be progressing slowly but surely to an end according to Mr. GLADSTONE'S program. Considerable excitement was caused by the murder of a man in one of the compartments of an English railway car, and it has brought up a discussion as to the superior comfort and safety of the American coach.

THE Empress of Germany is in a dying condition.

SIMPLY AN ACCIDENT.

THE first feeling in connection with the terrible tragedy at Washington is of course intense sorrow for the distinguished victim and his family. And certainly never in the history of the world has this sorrow for one falling before the stroke of an assassin been so universal—so absolutely unchecked, limited, or qualified by feeling or bitterness of any kind as in this instance. Never before has a ruler—even the best that the world has seen—been struck down without the natural horror that all men feel at assassination being modified in a large portion of the community by strong partizan hatred, or other passions aroused by the murdered man's attitude or course. The case of LINCOLN—now so universally mourned—is an illustration. There is not the slightest doubt that the great body of the Southern people looked with real horror upon the deed. But there is equally little doubt that they had become so embittered against the President, as the representative and leader of their victorious enemies, as to feel much less repugnance to the crime than they might under other circumstances. But no such feeling, or anything akin to it, has any place at the present time. GARFIELD has no enemies, not even political ones. No party, clique, or faction even, had such an antipathy to him as to desire his removal that another man might fill his place. The men who opposed his election most determinedly, gave an entire acquiescence to his accession to power as soon as the verdict of the people became known, and to-day there are no men in the Nation more grief-stricken over the terrible occurrence than they, and there are none who would do more to undo the mad-man's terrible work. So overwhelming a National sorrow as this obliterates all traces of partizan feeling as a rushing freshet sweeps away lines upon the sand.

The next feeling is one of deep humiliation that a President of the United States cannot walk the length and breadth of the land as freely and safely as any other citizen of the Republic. We have prided ourselves so much upon the affection of our people for law and order, and their peaceable, loyal acceptance of the authorities that they themselves have installed in office, that this comes as a rude shock. People ask themselves anxiously whether it has at last come to that point that our rulers are no longer panoplied in the hearts of our citizens, but must surround their persons with armed guards and watchful spies, like a European despot.

There is but one rational view of the matter, however, and that is to regard it as an accident, pure and simple. It is to look at it as if the President had met with one of the casualties that all men are liable to—as men, and not as officials. It is as if he had been crushed in a railroad collision, or gone down in a sinking steamer. He is shot down by a man whose tottering intellect suddenly develops a homicidal mania. This mania directed itself against the person of the President, just as every week we have in some part of the country a similar instance of an outbreak of murderous insanity directed against the lunatic's wife, parents, children, or persons whom he has associated with for years. A few weeks ago Lieut. CHERRY, of the Fifth Cavalry, was out with a party of five soldiers, when suddenly, one of them, who had hitherto borne an excellent character, drew his revolver and shot the Lieutenant dead. The crack of the pistol was the first intimation that anything was wrong with the man, and yet the investigation since has determined beyond a doubt that he is insane.

Unquestionably, GUITTEAU'S case will be found on competent scientific examination, to be identical with that of the soldier. A long lurking insanity has burst out with violence, taking a homicidal form, and by an accident solely has directed its manifestation against the person of the President. The chances were equal whether it took this direction, or against some other object which happened to attract the madman's attention. His letter gives abundant room for the belief that if a religious excitement had occurred at the time when his mental disease was approaching a crisis, his mania would have taken a religious form, instead of the political one it did.

This view of the terrible tragedy, which we have not the slightest doubt will prove the true one, saves the credit of our people from the slightest stain or smirch.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

In the course of time every one of the 55,000 families who are now subscribers to the BLADE, will become possessed of a copy of the Revised New Testament. While most sensible people may never discard their old standard Bible to give place to the new, yet it is very desirable that every family have a copy of the revision to use as a commentary.

So many editions of this work have been announced for sale at various prices, that the purchaser is at a loss to know which edition is the best for the money. The many cheap editions in paper covers are unsatisfactory, as being printed in fine type, and trying to the eyes of both old and young. On the other hand the fine, high-priced editions do not meet with favor, as the masses are not yet disposed to invest a fancy price in a work they know nothing about. For the purpose of accommodating the readers of the BLADE we have made arrangements to furnish what is in our judgment the very best edition yet published, at the popular price of $1.00, post-paid by mail, as announced in our advertising columns on 5th page. This edition is a book of 500 pages, printed on good paper, with very plain long-primer type. It is an accurate re-print of the celebrated Oxford (England) edition, with all the marginal notes and the preface in full. The Addenda gives a list of readings and renderings preferred by the American Committee, recorded at their desire.

We are now prepared to fill orders by mail at $1.00 for thousands of this popular edition, and assure our readers it is just the thing for all. We also have the same bound in morocco at $1.50.

WAGNER, the great German composer of operatic music, does not hesitate to snub royalty itself. At the last performance of the "Nibelungen" in Berlin, at which the Crown Prince was present, the director made an address to the audience from the stage, at the conclusion of which a presentation of a wreath was to be made to WAGNER, who stood back in the midst of those who had helped him win his laurels. Allusion in the speech was made to the imperial family, at which the maestro appeared disgusted and immediately left the stage, so that the wreath was presented to vacancy. Afterwards the Crown Prince sent for WAGNER to come to his box, but the composer replied that he had no desire to see the Prince, and he would not go. This feeling is the result of the neglect of the royal family in not sooner recognizing the excellence of the maestro's great works.

CORRUPTION AT ALBANY.

There was never a better time than the present to have a general house-cleaning at Albany. For a score or more of years the atmosphere about the New York Capitol has been very odorous of corruption. It has held a bad pre eminence in this respect which no other State Capitol in the Nation—except that of Pennsylvania—has approached. Bribery has been commonly believed to be as rife about Albany as gambling about a City race course. The buying and selling of legislative votes was one of the regular professions, and followed quite as actively and successfully as trafficking in any other species of merchandize. It has reached such a pitch in some years that every bill introduced has been regarded as a source of income to the lobbyists and the purchaseable members, who would levy a certain amount of tolls upon it before they would permit it to pass. A great impetus to this style of thing was given by the large amount of special legislation demanded by the railroads, and for which they were made to pay very liberally. It is related that in one instance an agent of a railroad had been tolled heavily at every step his measure made through both houses, but it was passed at last, and thinking his troubles were ended he hastened with it to the Govenor's office to obtain that functionary's signature. There he met the latter's Private Secretary, who received the bill coolly, and carefully filed it under a mountain of other papers. The railroad man expressed his ardent desire for immediate action upon it. The Private Secretary looked bored, and wearily pared his dainty finger nails, with a still daintier knife. The railroad man grew more earnest for haste, but the imperturbable Secretary only yawned, and looked up at the clock, to see how long he would have to wait for luncheon. Still more importunate became the railroader, and at last the Secretary, who had an impediment in his speech, despairing of milder hints, stuttered out:

"D-d-d-o y-y-y-ou kn-kn-know w-w-what our S-s-savior s-s-said t-t-t-o Z-z-zachariah w-w-when h-h-he w-w-was up in the t-t-tree?"

"No," said the astonished railroader.

"W-w-well, H-h-he s-s-said *'c-c-come d-d-down,'*"

The railroader saw the point instantly, "came down" handsomely, and his bill was signed promptly.

For several years there was a compact gang of legislators—made up of members of both parties, who were known as the "Black Horse Cavalry," who made a practice of levying blackmail on all bills introduced, and defeating those that would not pay them what they demanded. Though the organization went to pieces after awhile, many of its members still hold their seats and make no profession of reform in their principles or practices. Indeed there is hardly the semblance of reform anywhere, for recently a member named TUTHILL rose in his place and said:

The room of A. D. Barbour has long been the headquarters and den where legislation is bought and sold, and where certain legislators gamble with lobbyists and claim agents, and where a game of cards is made their veil to cover naked bribery. I know enough, sir, of what I am saying to take the responsibility of saying it.

There can be no better time than the present for the people of New York to begin cleaning out this vile sty of corruption. There is nothing else to distract the public attention; there is no other work of half the importance of this. While the Republicans at Washington are purging the party and the public service of the Star Route swindlers, let the Republicans extend the good work by purifying the party in New York from all connection with bribers and briberies. It is due to themselves as well as the party, and still more to the country at large, that this should be done with emphasis and thoroughness. It is even more imperative that the penitentiary doors should close upon a few of the leading Albany corruptionists than upon the Star Route thieves, because the former are doing vastly the more to lower the moral grade of politics and official honor.

THE MONETARY CONFERENCE.

Great Britain always growls most ferociously when anything goes to show that the rest of the enlightened Nations of the world do not agree with her in thinking that her laws and her civilization are not the best and the highest that can be found. Just now she is in high dudgeon, because her money system has been questioned at the monetary conference in Paris. The *Times* thunders in protest because the other Nations have sent delegates who dare to criticise Great Britain. As yet those whom she sent to represent her have not made it clear that the British Government has any good and sufficient reasons for refusing to make a change in its monetary arrangements.

What she really wants is for other countries to do what she will not do herself, and that is to lift the price of silver and make it stable in value. This will give her certain advantages in making exchanges, a thing she well understands, but she does not propose to take any risk herself. Her policy in this is the same as in every thing else, an entirely selfish one, while she assumes the attitude of being insulted and outraged.

We do not really see the necessity of the United States allowing herself to be led in this matter by any nation. She is fully equal to settling the silver question for herself, and settling it in a way that shall conduce to her own prosperity. If all the result of the Paris Conference is to be a sort of useless talk which amounts to absolutely nothing so far, the sooner it is ended permanently the better.

THE NASBY PAMPHLETS.

These humorous little pamphlets written by Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby, are having an enormous sale. We send them, post-paid, on receipt of price named below, and they afford more than the money's worth of amusement. They are as follows:

Nasby as a Banker (illustrated), price 10 cents.

The Democratic John Bunyan (illustrated), price 10 cents.

Diary of an Office Seeker, price 15 cents or all three for 30 cents.

THE women, 1,800 in number, employed in the royal tobacco factory in Naples became exasperated at the story that hereafter employes would be given work on half time and strictly searched. The result was a riot which was quelled only after several hours and by great effort.

OUR HUMOROUS POSTER.

We are mailing thousands of our new posters, illustrating Nasby's travels in Europe, to applicants from all quarters. It is a comical illustration of the old Parson, and we mail them free to any person who will post them in a conspicuous place.

DAVIS'S RHODOMONTADE.

The country is full of those who would have been heros had it not been for some untimely feminine interference. We are crowded off the sidewalk continually by the number of men who would have gone into the army and slain their thousands as SAUL did, or their tens of thousands as DAVID did, had it not been that every time their souls burned with the patriotic and sanguinary impulse some weeping wife, mother, or sister, or somebody else's sister, flung restraining arms about their stalwart necks and held them back from the field of gory achievement. It is never necessary to go further than the nearest saloon to find one or more individuals who would have slain a gang of burglars or an insolent crowd of roughs, or made a heroic rescue at the imminent peril of their precious lives, but that some feminine relative laid hold of the skirts of their garments, and nipped the gallant performance in the very bud. It has struck the social philosopher very forcibly that these preventive females are always at hand to check their masculine friends from doing creditable things, but absent when discreditable ones are being meditated and done. And another phenomenon strikes one curiously: He whose ears hearkened so readily to the maternal or uxorial pleading to refrain from enlisting, has grown strangely deaf to those pleadings when their object is the performance of some of the commoner duties of life.

Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS now posses as one who was prevented by untimely feminine interference from making the greatest effort of his life, and one which would have sent

his name
Shrieking down the aisles of fame.

He says that when the Fourth Michigan Cavalry man presented his carbine at him and demanded his surrender, he intended to "receive the man's fire, when he would probably have missed me, and then I would have sprung forward, placed my hand under the man's foot, tipt him from his saddle, mounted his horse, and made my escape." But just as he was about to put this wonderful plan plan into execution Mrs. DAVIS flung her arms about his neck, and it all fell through.

Mr. DAVIS is a wonderful humorist—wonderful in his unconsciousness. He does not seem to be aware that this fancied exploit is equal to anything done by the renowned MUNCHAUSEN. Certainly no funnier bit of exaggeration has been produced by any writer on either side of the struggle. There is something explosively ludicrous in the grave recital. At the time that Mr. DAVIS was standing in front of that cavalryman's carbine there were 125,000 "gallant Southrons" in our Northern prisons who had yielded to a pressure similar to that which the Michigan man was applying to the Rebel chief. Thirty-five thousand more under Gen. LEE had yielded in like manner, and another 100,000 were dropping their arms in various parts of the Confederacy. Mr. DAVIS was just on the point of displaying that he had an infinitely higher courage than any one of these 300,000 battle-tried soldiers of the Confederacy, when his opportunity of immortalizing himself was snatched away by the indiscreet arms of Mrs. DAVIS. It is very laughable.

If Mr. DAVIS had exposed himself to the carbines of the Michigan cavalrymen—who, by the way, were as fine a lot of soldiers as ever sat in saddles—as much as some of his poor dupes did, he would have learned such a wholesome respect for that arm as to have concluded that the "chances were" that he would furnish the corpse for a first-class funeral, unless he promptly obeyed the summons to surrender. And then imagine a weak old man on the ground "tipping" an athletic young fellow out of a cavalry saddle. What does he suppose the soldier would have been doing all this time? Doubtless desiring to catch his game alive he would have taken the old fellow by the ear or the top of his head, and led him off to the commanding officer. Michigan sent some very young men into the army and may have had some one so small that DAVIS could have "tipt" him from the saddle, but there were none such members of the veteran Fourth Cavalry.

NEEDLESS SCARE.

The folly of the British Government in taking so much notice of the Fenian agitation and of O'DONOVAN ROSSA'S utterances is very well set forth by the New York *Evening Post* in a recent issue. It says that an official recognition or so much of a press writing up gives the whole thing an importance very gratifying to O'DONOVAN ROSSA and his followers, but entirely disproportioned to what it really bears in this country.

This is the truth. A sympathy is felt here for Ireland in its present trouble, and the hope is strong that the British Government will see its way clear to making its future brighter and more prosperous, but the idea that the nation or any considerable part of the people would countenance for moment an effort to make a revolution there is simply preposterous. There is too much general respect for law and order here, and too great a regard for international rights.

Fenianism so far in this country has simply been a pretext for the collecting of money from Irish laborers and servant girls to enable a few loud tongued leaders to live in idleness. No one ever has heard of any good these sums have done in any way, except to support blusterers. Not but that there are honest men in the organization, but they are few in number and can accomplish little. In fact, all that is done here is a mere ripple upon the surface magnified into a great wave when it reaches England by the excessive scare and prominence given to the matter. It is a rich victory if they can succeed in getting up a real fright and disturb the Government there and costs them little. We should advise our British brethren to take something to soothe their nerves and help them to keep cool.

AGENTS WANTED.

Now is an excellent time for agents to make up clubs for the Weekly BLADE. The Nasby letters from Europe have commenced, and we offer the BLADE three months, and a very fine portrait of D. R. LOCKE (Nasby) for 50 cents. For clubs of five we give a very liberal discount, and any person can canvass for a few days and make a nice thing for themselves and neighbors. We want an agent at every Postoffice in the United States to work up a short time club before it will be too late to get the first of the Nasby letters. Write for special terms and specimen copies of the BLADE.

THE Cincinnati *Gazette* wants young ladies graduated from college as S. A.—Spinster of Arts.

THE BE-ALL AND END-ALL HERE.

Mrs. WALKER, of Philadelphia, last week, "resolved to end her troubles," and the method she adopted to attain this consummation was to fling herself in the pellucid Schuylkill, from which she was fished up the next day a "demnition moist unpleasant body," as MANTILINI expresses it. Could she have known this condition in which she made her appearance at the morgue, and her last one on earth, a new pang would have rent her feminine soul, at the thought of how all the acquaintances to whom she had a special aversion visited the morgue and laid up a full stock of remembrances for future discussions upon "how awfully dreadful she did look."

But it is with this question of "ending her troubles" that we have most to do. We are not informed what those troubles were—whether a life-long infliction of a drunken and brutal husband, or merely that her dressmaker had cut her Spring frock bias when it should have been gored. It is enough to know that the cause was sufficient to make her think that life was a burden to which anything was preferable. Greater agony hath no man than this, that he is willing to end his life to end it. But it shows that she paid astonishingly little heed to the teachings of Christianity when she imagined that she would end her troubles by rushing madly from their scene in this world to where orthodoxy tells us infinitely greater ones awaited her. Nor will the revised edition help her out, because whether the place whither all suicides and other murderers go is named "hades," "gehenna" or "sheol," it is, according to all accounts, a vastly more unpleasant abode than the worst that falls to one's lot in this world, and she will not be long in making the unpleasant discovery that she had better endured the ills she had than flew to those she knew not of.

This matter of dealing with what awaits the suicide in the future world used to be handled in a ghastly manner by the soldiers of the great FREDERICK, who sought death as a welcome release from the miseries of their military servitude. Believing that suicide was murder, and that all murderers go to hell unless they repent, which a self-murderer obviously has no opportunity to do, they adopted the expedient of killing some innocent young child, whose untainted soul, of course, went straight to heaven; the murderer repented heartily of his deed, and made his peace with heaven before he was executed. Obviously the casuistry of this scheme would not stand examination for a minute, but it satisfied the conscience of those rude old Brandenbergers, and fearful punishments had to be resorted to to break up the practice.

The Buddhist religion favors suicide. The heaven of the followers of BUDHA is a *nirvana*, or period of 10,000 years of the dreamless rest of unconsciousness. If a man has earned this beatitude by a life of good deeds he is at liberty to take himself off to it at any time that he may see fit, and if he kills himself for a good cause—that is, rather than submit to dishonor, or become a burden upon those around him, he does this much more to purchase him his dearly coveted *nirvana*. On the other hand, if he has led a bad life he is returned to some degraded animal form, there to do penance until his crimes have been so well expiated that he has earned the privilege of another trial in the human body.

SUDDEN PROSPERITY.

Prosperity, like lightning, strikes in most unexpected places. It does not seem to follow any law, nor to be the reward of well doing, but simply to come and settle upon somebody who has never expected to be thus singled from the masses of people that are fighting to live. Unexpected as it may be, the fortunate individual rarely refuses to be lifted out from the well worn path of quiet industry, but accepts the new phase with cordial equanimity. Considering that such sudden prosperity usually makes an entire change in his whole life and its surroundings, it is not strange if happiness or even contentment does not always result.

Down in Wheeling was a school teacher, a most worthy young woman, who was pursuing the even tenor of her way quietly and consistently, instructing the young ideas for the meagre sum usually paid for such duties. No doubt she had to do without many a feather and flower that she coveted, in order to make her dress artistic. If she possessed cultivated tastes books and pictures that would have added greatly to her pleasures were beyond her slender purse. She carefully counted the cost of this, and the expense of that, to see if she could afford either without embarrassing her finances. Then she wakes up one morning to find herself heir to an estate in Scotland worth $2,500,000.

And now the question is, what will she do with the life so suddenly made pecuniarily prosperous. Were she other than an American girl, brought up in a country where such sudden changes are always possible, it would be expected that she would shew to the new world she will enter that she is a strangerthere. The gilding wealth put on would be thin and show the lack of early familiarity with the refinements of generous living. But Americans have a knack of adapting themselves to circumstances unknown to any other people, and the probabilities are that this fortunate heiress of millions will so quickly take on her new estate, that none can tell but that she was "to the manor born." Such a sudden development of patrician airs is an astonishment to people of the Old World, who believe that it is the production only of long and uninterrupted patrician tendencies and training.

TWO GOOD BOOKS.

We have but a few copies left of that remarkable cheap book "The Struggles of Nasby," which we have been mailing post-paid for $1.25. It is a very fine illustrated subscription book of over 600 pages, and has never before been sold for less than $3. We have mailed thousands of them during the past three months, and we have but a few copies left.

Another book of equal value, but of another character, is "Bible Biography." We are also mailing this for $1.25. For description see advertisement on the fifth page of this paper.

On receipt of $2.50 we will for a time mail either of above books, the portrait of LOCKE, and the Weekly BLADE one year.

ROBERT P. PORTER expresses the opinion that the United States debt is owned by less than 100 000 persons, and that 1,500 persons own over $410,000,000 of the registered bonds.

CONDEMNED TO PURGATORY.

It is a hard thing to say, but has been said so often that there seems to be a foundation for the assertion, that the determined orthodoxy of some people of peculiar temperament is because of their dislike to giving up the idea of a hell to which their offending neighbors can be sent for punishment for their misdeeds. It is a fact that there are times when the most magnanimous of human creatures will be exasperated into a quick condemnation of some irritating thorn in the side to the nether place of darkness, but it is never done in cold blood. The evils of this life are usually revenge sufficient for ill-treatment.

About the idea of purgatory, however, such a horror does not linger. It may not be a pleasant place in which to dwell, and yet eternal horrors are not connected with it; weeping and wailing are not constant and inevitable accompaniments of existence there; punishment for wrong is taken in doses so to speak, and good is not excluded. Yet people are not particularly anxious to go there, and apropos of this hesitation comes a story from Battle Creek, Mich., for whose truth a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* is responsible.

Some years ago the Catholics of that thriving little Town purchased several acres of ground for a cemetery. It was graded, fenced, trees planted, lots sold, and in fact was to all intent and purposes a public burying place minus the bodies. Everything was ready, even to the hallowing of the ground, but the guests appeared not.

By and by people put their heads together and the wonder grew apace that no one was buried there. The Catholics who died were laid away as of old in the City cemetery, and not until very recently was the truth made to appear as to why this was so. The explanation is thus given:

A poor unknown tramp was killed by the cars. The Catholic priest hearing that his body was unclaimed by friends, and was about to be buried in the Potter's field, came to the Coroner and begged to have it interred in the new Catholic cemetery. The Coroner gave him permission, but first asked the priest why he desired this man buried in the new graveyard, and why none had been interred there before. The priest, after much questioning, finally said that it was a popular superstition among the Catholics that the soul of the first man buried in a new cemetery would go to purgatory, and hence no one would venture to risk the future welfare of a relative's soul by having it the first body buried there. Since the burial of this unfortunate tramp the people have used their new repository for the dead regularly, and have also transferred most of the bodies from the other cemetery, under the firm belief that the poor victim's soul is walking barefooted over stones in purgatory that his fellow-lodgers in the clay may be saved from eternal torment, and that he, having served a probation for them, will finally join the ranks of the free.

This ought to be a warning to tramps, if it serves no other purpose, as they are thus at any time liable to be sent to purgatory in case they chance to "shuffle off this mortal coil" in the neighborhood of a waiting cemetery.

ITALY.

The condition of Italy has in many respects greatly improved in the last 20 years. More attention is paid to popular education. The common people are not so generally degraded. The Government is broad and firm and better able to maintain itself against other powers.

There is yet, however, room for improvement, and it is in this wise. The Ministry finds itself frequently, it might almost be said constantly, hampered be the formation of what may be called political groups, ready to oppose its measures. These groups or factions are in a chronic state of effervescence, and it is only by effecting a compromise of some kind that it is possible ever to form a Cabinet. A Minister is never certain of his position or power, because he does not know what cabal may be forming against his measures. He must be, therefore, constantly upon the defensive, and for this reason cannot be strong.

A year ago at the opening of Parliament King HUMBERT spoke most earnestly and energetically in favor of an enlargement of the suffrage. That the evil lies in its restriction he believed, as do the principal statesmen of Italy. As the law stands now only those can vote who pay direct taxes to the amount of $7.72 a year. This narrows the number of voters to a small proportion of the population and renders manipulation very easy, while electoral reform becomes almost impossible. At the same time the feeling is growing stronger that reform is a necessity.

The present Premier has finally suggested a way of improvement which, he thinks, without contemplating universal suffrage, still enlarges it to a considerable degree. He proposes an educational qualification, in addition to a property qualification reduced to one-half what it is now. Whether this would really do what he imagines it would, is doubtful. Illiteracy, though largely diminished from what it was 15 years ago, is still prevalent enough to make the policy of such a step questionable, that is, so far as accomplishing desired results is considered. The fact, however, that attention is so thoroughly aroused to the evil of political groups gives earnest that attempts will continue to be made to change until a remedy is found.

ANDERSONVILLE.

The book "Andersonville" should be in the library of every loyal citizen of the United States. It is the only authentic record of the most horrible crime ever perpetrated against humanity ever printed, and is written in so graphic a style as to possess all the fascination of a work of fiction.

It has had the largest sale of any book published for years, but there is yet good territory that has not been worked. The book is a handsome volume of over 650 pages, profusely illustrated, and sells faster than any book on the market. It is sold only by subscription, and agents make better salaries than with any book ever sold in this way. Full particulars sent to any address free. Address Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., or Boston, Mass.

JURIES in South Carolina hold that noble independence of law, fact and common sense which we see manifested by similar bodies elsewhere. They unhesitatingly acquitted CASH of the murder of SHANNON, though the Judge, in his charge to them, used this language:

"It has been argued that because the law has been allowed to sleep that it has no force. This is not so; the law has never been abrogated. It is alleged that this duel was fair; but self-defense is no plea where one has a purpose. The offense cannot be condoned because Shannon participated in it."

A KENTUCKY Judge has decided that the running of railroad trains on Sunday is a work of necessity, and therefore legal.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Sen. David Davis's wealth is estimated to be worth four or five millions, chiefly made by investing in the suburbs of growing Western towns. His taxes amount to $20,000.——The Chicago Historical Society has decided to erect a memorial monument at the spot in Lincoln Park where the last building was destroyed by the great fire in 1871. It will bear a brief account of the fire, the number of lives lost, etc., and statistics relating to the rebuilding of the city.——The number of vessels plying between the United States and Europe is 3,310, of which 4,655 are sailing vessels and 655 steamships. The sailing vessels are distributed among the various nationalities as follows: 1,276 are British, 1,025 Norwegian and Swedish, 884 American, 508 Italian, 56 German, 165 Austrian, 50 Spanish, 61 Russian, 51 French, 49 Dutch, 20 Danish, 8 Portuguese, and 2 Belgian. Of the steamers, 447 are British, 55 German, 21 Spanish, 14 American, 13 Belgian, 9 French, 6 Dutch, 5 Italian, and 5 Danish.——The Hon. Buren R. Sherman, the Republican candidate for Governor of Iowa, is only remotely related to Gen. and Sen. Sherman, if at all. Some time ago, writing upon this subject, he said: "The Secretary has two brothers in this city (Des Moines, Ia.), but I am not one. My family is the other branch, which settled on the Mohawk River, in New York, while his emigrated to Ohio. My understanding of the matter is that we are all from the same New England stock."——The Sacramento (Cal.) *Union-Record* of June 25 says: "Not far from the new comet is to be seen a nebulous mass, a hazy, indistinct body, with but a dim resemblance to a star. Some observers pronounced it another comet. The mass is on about the same horizontal as the tailed comet."——The Washington *Star* says that Gen. Grant has replied to the recent letter of Representative Young, of Ohio, and informed him that the newspaper statements of his language in speaking of him were greatly exaggerated. The letter was addressed to Gen. Young, in Washington, and has been forwarded to him in Mexico, where he now is.——A dispatch from Bath, Me., Tuesday, says: Two adventurers, John Traynor, an Irishman, and Olsen, a Swede, sailed from port to-day in a dory 14 feet long, 21 inches deep and 5 feet wide, the smallest craft in which passage across the Atlantic has ever been attempted. They are both skilled seamen, and go provisioned for 60 days.——Griscom's fast at Chicago has been a poor speculation. But little interest has been manifested in the affair, and while the expenses are heavy, the receipts from admission fees have been small. He now drinks 48 ounces of water a day.——An English scientist considers worry and overwork to be the most important causes of debility. The men, he said, who first enticed women and children into an industrial career, and they who have in later times devised the scheme of competitive examinations, have done more to enfeeble the British than can be counterbalanced by the most

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Great Storm—Some Account of the Damage—Political Affairs in Virginia.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, June 30, 1881.

The storm of Monday night, noticed in your telegraphic dispatches, was probably the severest that Washington has ever experienced. When the sun went down an inky black cloud was rising in the northwest, from which there were distant mutterings of thunder and around which played flashes of light, and people looked up to the cloud as they went along the streets and said it looked like having a storm. There was a fresh breeze blowing from the South, but the storm came from the storm quarter in the West, and before the City with terrific grandeur before dark, continuing about an hour, during which time there was wind, and rain, and thunder, and lightning, and a large amount of property.

The lightning struck in a number of places, doing considerable damage but the damage chiefly from the wind and the rain. The wind rushed through the streets over the houses with a fearful force carrying awnings and sign-boards before it, while the trees, with the richest crown of leaves that they have ever had at this season of the year, fell before it in boutfuions. According to the police reports there were between 1 and 15 hundred trees (mostly shade trees) uprooted or broken down, and the limbs have since found full employment in carrying away the wood, the tops and the branches. But the worst disaster arose from the violent wrenching off of the roofs. In some cases the tin simply rolled up and cast down to the ground, or buried itself against some neighboring house. But in a large majority of cases the roofs were lifted off the heads and beams, tearing up the brick work, crashing down the chimneys and then rushing through the air against trees and crushing dwellings, till the mass of tin and beams found some permanent lodgment. The number of houses thus damaged was about 200. But the calamities in these cases did not end with the loss of roof. The rain came down for 30 minutes—no man in Washington ever saw it come down more heavily—during the rain gage at the weather bureau the water which fell was at the rate of covered more than two inches, and after the removal of the roofs there was no protection from the water. The consequence was, the lights were extinguished and the flood followed, dripping through the walls, on the choice pictures, the elegant furniture, the luxurious beds, the costly carpets and hangings and causing such alarm as perhaps your readers may be able to form but which we shall not undertake to describe.

The calculations here off the railing on the Capitol grounds, and shattered a house on B street, but, although it was felt in a number of other places, the damage by it was not great. What is particulary noteworthy is that while trees and timbers and roofs were flying through the streets, shopping the cars and piling up heaps of rubbish in the very densest portions of the City, only one person was killed and only a few injured. One lady was hurt by a brick breaking in of a wall caused by the projection of a piece of tin into the houses from the opposite side of the way and two or three persons were somewhat bewildered and knocked down by a stroke of lightning. These comprised the worst cases of personal injury as far as reported. The storm lasted about an hour, and as it left the atmosphere cooler, the cars appeared in the Northwest with a look of absolute innocence, and all seem to know that anything particular had happened.

The complications in the affairs of the Republican party of Virginia have probably been adjusted, or *readjusted*. The Wickham portion of the State Committee was in the majority, but their violent and one-sided proceedings were met with a protest by the Administration, and the Readjuster faction has greatly improved the situation. The Wickham portion of the State Committee, finding themselves in the minority, held a meeting, deposed Lewis from the chairmanship, appointed Wickham in his place, and called a State Convention on a new partisan basis and in an out of the-way place. The movement has very much the look of being a tender to the Bourbon Democracy. At the meeting of the Committee on Tuesday, at which the matters were present, Lewis, the old chairman refused to call to order, there was a stormy scene, and the chairman declared that a State Convention should be called at Lynchburg on July 16, that both the chairman should be removed a new man be appointed, and that the Convention should decide on the course of policy to be adopted. The Wickham side held the majority and elected their chairman. But the proceedings are generally satisfactory, and the threatened split is pretty well prevented. There will be two tickets in all probability, and the only doubtful is that those who took part in the Readjuster Convention are not to be elected. Of course both factions claim that they will be able to carry the Convention; and it does not matter much which is right, if they stand together and maintain their position as Republicans. If they stand alone they should stand together if they consent to act with Democrats they should go in a body. Wetime harmoniously in a State Convention will not only enable them to settle on the policy to be adopted, but to make such a clear declaration of principles as to show that if they act with the Readjusters, they do not propose to countenance repudiation. If coalitions are wisely managed they need not be demoralizing or corrupting. One of the most extraordinary combinations of this kind was that which elected Charles Sumner to the United States Senate, and as in the case of Virginia, there were three parties—the Whigs, who ruled the State; the Democrats, who were an organized Rump, and the uncompromising Abolitionists. This triangular fight went on from year to year and the Whigs, though not in the majority, always carried the day. At length it was proposed that the two smaller parties should form on one set of offices and thus beat the Whigs. A program was arranged in which the spoils were fairly divided between the Coalitionists and the result was the success of the Coalition ticket, a straight Abolitionist in the United States Senate, and the ultimate shifting of the power from the Whigs to the anti Slavery men.

The Department of Justice is in mourning on account of the death of Henry Stanley.

Gov. Foster is here acting for the repair of some of the Ohio fences. He talks prudently in regard to the coming election, and complains of the action of the Temperance men; but he expects everything to come out right in the end.

During the late storm the steeple of the Metropolitan Church Methodist got a lame back, and, as this is the second time, people are disposed to complain of it as a public danger and a nuisance. It seems that a tin room from one of the tall buildings in the neighborhood, while sailing through the air with a large lot of attending timbers, took an upward turn and struck the lofty spire. Probably it was intended as a reproof to churchly pride. But be this so or not, the blow was a staggering one and the Metropolitans have a job on hand which they do not covet. BUCKEYE.

Land Warrants.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

I am strongly in favor of land warrants for soldiers who served during the War of the Rebellion. I served in the Union Army 38 months, having enlisted Aug. 12, 1861, and being discharged Oct. 22, 1864. I believe that those who stood shoulder to shoulder in defense of the Union have a better right to the public land than the foreigners who are flocking to our shores.

SAMUEL MOONEY,
Co. B, 11th Iowa Inf.

Riven's Grove P. O., Iowa, June 18.

Disheartening.

New York Tribune.

The constant appeal for money made by American universities and colleges is a disheartening thing to note. Too many of them have a chronic attitude of beggary. They are not to be blamed for this, of course; they need the money. The mistake lies in the absurd multiplication of higher institutions. It may seem cruel to say that the sooner a good proportion of them go into bankruptcy the better; but in sober truth it would be much to the advantage of education in this country. Higher standards and far more effective teaching would come with concentration of forces in men and money. Above all, there should be an end to the establishment of institutions which ambitiously call themselves colleges and are in reality little more than preparatory schools. Whatever tends to lower the dignity of university and college must be harmful to the scholarship of a nation.

It Has that Look.

Cincinnati Saturday Night.

It is becoming more and more apparent that Grant was soured by his defeat for a third term.

Assassination.

Attempted Assassination of Pres. Garfield.

Two Shots Fired, While in the Depot, at Washington.

The Wounds Not Considered Mortal,

Though Pronounced Quite Serious.

Prompt Arrest of Guiteau, the Assassin,

A Chicago Lawyer, Who is Evidently Insane.

THE ASSASSINATION.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—At 9.30 o'clock this morning, when the President was at the Baltimore & Potomac Depot with his party waiting to take the train. He was shot twice by a man within 20 feet of him. The President's friends rushed to him as he fell, and Blaine called for Rockwell Station Agent Carney, to arrest the assassin, who said, "I did it, I am a Stalwart, and Arthur is now President. Take a letter I have here to Gen. Sherman, and he will tell you all about it."

THE MAN WHO SHOT HIM

wrote his name on a card as Charles Gitteau, attorney at law, of Chicago. The man evidently had deliberately planned the assassination, with the idea, so far as can now be ascertained, of making Arthur President.

THE NAME OF THE ASSASSIN,

as written by himself, is Charles Gitteau, and he says he is an attorney at law in Chicago.

The would be assassin is a foreigner by birth, and has been a very persistent applicant for a consular position. He has haunted the Executive Mansion for several weeks, and his disappointment in not getting what he wanted led to a temporary aberration of mind.

The Librarian of the Navy department has been before the Attorney General. He states Guiteau was one of the supporters of those who made an effort to break the unit rule in the Chicago Convention, and says Guiteau was in the habit of calling at the Librarian's room and telling how he had been treated by Sec. Blaine.

THE NEWS CABLED.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—The following has been forwarded by cable to James Russell Lowell, Minister, at London:

"The President of the United States was shot this morning by an assassin named Charles Gitteau. The weapon was a large sized revolver The President had just reached the Baltimore & Potomac station at about 20 minutes past 9, intending, with a portion of his Cabinet, to leave on the limited express for New York. I rode in the carriage with him from the Executive Mansion, and was walking by his side when he was shot. The assassin was immediately arrested. and the President was conveyed to a private room in the station building, and surgical aid at once summoned. He has now (at 10:20) been removed to the Executive Mansion. Surgeons are in consultation in regard to his wounds. They say they are very serious, though not necessarily fatal. His vigorous health gives strong hopes of his recovery. He has not lost consciousness for a moment. Inform our Ministers in Europe.

"JAMES G. BLAINE,
"Secretary of State."

THE DISTRICT JAIL,

at the eastern extremity of the City, was visited by an Associated Press reporter after 11 o'clock for the purpose of obtaining an interview with Charles Gitteau, the would be assassin of the President. The officers refused admittance to the building, stating as a reason therefor that they were acting under instructions received from the Attorney General, the purport of which were that no one should be allowed to see the President. At first, indeed, the officers emphatically denied the man had been conveyed to jail, fearing, it appears, that should the fact be made known that he was there the building would be attacked by a mob. Information had reached them that such a movement was contemplated.

A SQUAD OF REGULARS

from the Barracks and Metropolitan Police Force are momentarily expected to arrive at the jail to repel any attack.

The statement that the assassin is Guiteau was verified by the officer in charge of the jail. The prisoner arrived and was placed in a cell about 10:35 o'clock, just one hour after the shooting occurred. He gave his name as Charles Guiteau, Chicago, Ills.

He is a man of about 30 years of age, and is supposed to be of French descent. His head is about five feet, five inches. He is of sandy complexion, and slight, weighing not more than 125 pounds. He wears a mustache and light chin whiskers, and his sunken cheeks, and eyes far apart from each other give him a sullen, or as officials described it, a "loony" appearance. The officer in question gave it as his opinion that Guiteau is a Chicago Communist, and stated he has noticed it to be a peculiarity of nearly all murderers that their eyes set far apart, and Guiteau, he said, proves no exception to the rule.

When the prisoner arrived at the jail he was dressed in a suit of blue, and wore a drab hat pulled down over his eyes, giving him the appearance of an ugly character.

It may be worthy of note to state that some two or three weeks ago Guiteau went to the jail for the purpose of visiting it, but was refused admittance on the ground that it was not visitors' day. He at that time mentioned his name as Guiteau, and said he came from Chicago. When brought to jail to-day he was admitted by the officer who had previously refused to allow him to enter. A recognition took place, Guiteau saying: "You are the man who wouldn't let me go through the jail some time ago." The only other remark he made before being placed in his cell was that Gen. Sherman would arrive at the jail soon. The two jailors who are now guarding his cell state they have seen him around the jail several times recently, and that on one occasion he appeared to be under the influence of liquor. On one of his visits subsequent to the first one mentioned these officers say that Guiteau succeeded in reaching the rotunda of the building, where he was noticed examining the scaffold from which the Hirth murderers were hanged. Pursuant to his orders from the Attorney General, the officer in charge of the jail declined to give any further information, nor would he state in what cell the prisoner was confined. This officer was an attendant at the old City jail at the time of the assassination of President Lincoln.

The following letter was taken from the prisoner's pocket at Police Headquarters:

July 2, 1881.

TO THE WHITE HOUSE:—The President's tragic death was a sad necessity, but it will unite the Republican party and save the Republic. Life is a flimsy dream and it matters little when one goes. A human life is of small value. During the war thousands of brave boys went down without a tear. I presume the President was a Christian, and that he will be happier in Paradise than here. It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband in this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time and way. I had no ill will towards the President. His death was a political necessity I am a lawyer, a theologian and a politician, and I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. I was with Gen Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I have some papers for the press, which I shall leave with Byron Andrews and his co-journalists at 1420 New York avenue, where all the reporters can see them. I am going to the jail.

CHARLES GUITTEAU.

Byron Andrews, who is the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean says, that it is true a package of papers are in the hands of the police, accompanied by a note addressed to himself. Andrews says he has no personal acquaintance with Guiteau, and never heard of his existence until this morning. From what he has gathered from the police Andrews believes that Guiteau's home is in Free port, Ills.

THE LETTER TO GEN. SHERMAN.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—The following letter was found on the street shortly after Guiteau's arrest, the envelope unsealed and addressed, "Please deliver at once:"

To Gen. Sherman (or his First Assistant in charge of the War Department):

"TO GEN. SHERMAN:—I have just shot the President. I shot him several times, as I wished him to go as easily as possible. His death was a political necessity, I am a lawyer, theologian and politician; I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts: I was with Gen Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass: am going to jail. Please order out your troops and take possession of the jail at once. Very respectfully,

CHARLES GUITTEAU."

On receiving the above Gen. Sherman gave it the following endorsement:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, July 2, 1881.

11:35 A. M.—This letter was handed me this minute by Maj. William J. Twining, United States Engineer, Commissioner of District of Columbia, and Maj. Wm. G. Brock, Chief of Police. I don't know the writer—never heard of or saw him to my knowledge, and hereby return it to the keeping of the above named parties as testimony in the case.

W. T. SHERMAN, General.

THE ASSASSIN.

Facts Gathered as to His Life and Character.

GITTEAU'S ANTECEDENTS.

CHICAGO, July 2.—Charles Gitteau, who attempted to assassinate the President, has been more or less known in Chicago for the past 10 years. He was a disreputable lawyer, and has generally been considered half insane. He went to New York seven or eight years ago, and upon his return in 1876 professed to have been converted and delivered several lectures under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. He next appeared at the head of a scheme to buy the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and run it on the plan of the New York Herald, but as he had neither capital or backing, the matter was soon dropped by him. He left for Washington several months ago

HIS FATHER'S RELIGIOUS ECCENTRICITIES.

CHICAGO, July 3.—Mr. Geo. Scoville, for 20 years an attorney in this City, and the mother-in-law of Chas. J. Guiteau, gives the following sketch of the assassin:

"He was born at Ann Arbor, Mich., in the year 1841. His father was a French Huguenot, and his mother was a Miss Howe of Ann Arbor. He is consequently 40 years of age. He takes after his father, who, although a first-rate business man, and for many years cashier of the Second National Bank of Freeport, Ill., was a fanatic on the subject of religion. When I first knew his father he was a Presbyterian. When he died about a year and a half ago he was a Perfectionist. He believed that a man could so live that he would never grow old and die, and on his deathbed he said he was only dying because he he had committed a sin against God and nature. During his lifetime he had belonged to churches of almost every denomination and believed in many of the doctrines of the Oneida Community, which he assisted with money and encouraged otherwise. He died, however, beloved and respected by all who knew him in Freeport and elsewhere. He had been mainly instrumental in building up the Second National Bank of Freeport, of which he was cashier for more than 10 years, and which is one of the soundest and strongest financial institutions in Northern Illinois.

A SHORT BIOGRAPHY.

Charles Jules Guiteau, who shot Pres. Garfield, is a native of Illinois, and about 40 years of age. He is the son of L. W. Guiteau, who, for many years up to the time of his death, which occurred about two years ago, resided at Freeport, Illinois. Twenty five years ago the father, accompanied by his son, Charles Jules, then about 16 years old, left Freeport and joined the Oneida Community in New York State. The father remained with the community but a short time, and then returned to Freeport. The son remained in the community several years, and next turned up in Chicago as a lawyer.

CHICAGO, June 5.—In 1877, the assassin Guiteau employed Messrs. Judd & Detweiler to print in pamphlet form a lecture by him upon the "Second Coming of Christ." Judd & Detweiler had much trouble in getting any money from him for their work.

The following is the title and opening of the pamphlet:

"This lecture is the key to the Bible. Study it and get some new and valuable ideas. A lecture on 'Christ's Second Coming.' A. D. 70 By Charles J. Guiteau, a Chicago lawyer and theologian. 'If I wilt that he (John) tarry till I come, what is that to thee?' Second edition. Price 25 cents. Washington, D. C.: Judd & Detweiler, Printers and Publishers. 1877."

"Author's Preface. This lecture, it is believed contains truth about Christ's second coming which has been hid these ages, and the author asks for it a careful and prayerful reception. He is in full sympathy with the Evangelical Churches and desires their active support herein. For five years, at home and abroad, Mr. Moody has turned the hearts of the people to the Master and now the author asks them to search the Bible with the aid of this lecture to find out the truth concerning the Second coming of the Son of Man.

"WASHINGTON, D. C., November, 1877."

"A lecture on 'Christ's Second Coming,' A. D., 70. For 18 centuries Christendom has expected the second coming of Christ. From father to son, from generation to generation, this idea has come down from the primitive Church. During all these ages Christ has not appeared in response to the expectations of Christendom, and we are here to show that the reason He has not appeared is because He came at the siege of Jerusalem A. D., 70, in the clouds of heaven, with power and give glory, and judged the righteous and the wicked, the quick and dead of the primitive Church and the Jewish nation. This is the proposition we propose to establish by a careful review of the New Testament. We present the idea that Christ came in judgment at the destruction of Jerusalem as a discovery, and ask for a prayerful reception. No one can understand the Bible without this view of Christ's second coming, and herein is the great value of the discovery in examining this subject. We wipe away the traditions of mist and unbelief of past ages, and stand on the words of Jesus Christ, concerning his own coming and the expectations of Paul and the primitive Christians. We imagine ourselves with Christ and Paul in Judah. They were addressing common people and we take them at their word. We believe they said what they meant and not what they said."

NEW YORK, July 4.—About 12 years ago, when the Essex Market Police Court had become notorious as a place where all sorts of crime could be compromised by a venal Police Justice, a number of "shysters," broken down lawyers and practitioners, ruined by liquor, were to be met with daily at that court. These mis-named lawyers would often hunt up cases for the Police Justice and share in the spoils, and on one occasion a fight occurred in the court between the Magistrate and a "shyster" upon a division of half a dollar. Among those 'shysters' was Charles Guitteau, who had part of an office in the rear of a liquor store on the southeast corner of Broome and Essex streets. Guiteau's merit consisted mainly in the nefarious manner in which he would secure cases, and many an innocent person would be mulcted in the shape of a fine for offences he had never committed, while thieves vile women and such offenders against the law would be allowed to escape if they had only enough money to compromise a case. One of Gitteau's practices was to cause the arrest of the bowery demi monde, who had not previously paid him a fee, have the women locked up at night, appear for them next morning as a lawyer at Essex market and thus share the fine which was certain to be imposed.

WASHINGTON, July 4—Guiteau is still kept closely confined, and nobody is allowed to see him except officials. All stories about accomplices and about men having been seen with him have been proved to be false, all having been traced to irresponsible parties seeking notoriety. It is plain and can be accepted as a final fact, that the assassin acted alone, and never communicated by even a hint his purpose to any one. Detectives who have visited him in prison say he is crazy but people generally will not accept this theory, and there is a general demand that he shall be held responsible for his act. Should a plea of insanity be set up it would cause great indignation here, especially if there should be any sign of Guiteau escaping punishment. There is talk of lynching should the insanity dodge be played.

SEC. BLAINE'S OPINION.

Sec. Blaine thinks Guiteau crazy. He says Gitteau called frequently at the State Department and insisted upon having a foreign mission or a consulate; that Guiteau evidently regarded himself as a man of very superior abilities, competent to fill any high position. Sec. Blaine says he told Guiteau finally that it was utterly useless for him to press his application, as his appointment to a position was an impossibility. Mr Blaine says further that Guiteau considered the Republican party under great obligations to him. He talked of having elected Garfield, and he thought the party owed him a debt it ought to pay with a big appointment. Sec. Blaine denies most emphatically that he ever said the shooting was the result of a plot. Such an idea, he says, never entered his head. He is satisfied and has been from the first that the crazy, disappointed Guiteau kept his foul purpose a profound secret to himself. "Heaven knows the situation is bad enough as it is, without adding to its horror" says Blaine.

COL. INGERSOLL DOUBTS HIS INSANITY.

Col. Bob Ingersoll states that he knew the assassin well, and had always regarded him as a sober and sane man. He has no special profession, but has been an office-holder and office-seeker. Col. Ingersoll is of the opinion that his insanity is feigned.

CHIEF BROOKS,

of the Secret Service Division, says he has followed up every clew and every theory of the conspiracy, and has proven satisfactorily that there was none. He has reported to Secretary Windom that Guiteau had no confederate, not even a confidant; that he was alone in the assassination. The conspiracy theory has been abandoned by everybody.

HIS LATE MOVEMENTS.

Charles Guiteau, the assassin of the President, is a Canadian Frenchman by birth, and hails from Chicago. He came here in the month of February, with recommendations from various parties in Illinois, to secure the United States Consulship to Marseilles, France. He went in March to the well known boarding house of Mrs. Lockwood (formerly Mrs Kines), 810 Twelfth Street, and tried to secure board. Mrs. Lockwood did not like his appearance, and gave him an out-of-the-way room in the house in hopes of getting rid of him. He pretended to know Gen. Logan and others, then boarding there. Mrs. Lockwood states that he acted strangely at times, and about the middle of the month when she presented his bill he could not pay it. He afterward left the house, and sent Mrs. Lockwood a note, saying he was expecting a $6,000 position and would soon pay his bill. Mrs. Lockwood showed this note to Gen. Logan, who said the man was crazy. Three weeks ago he met Mrs. Rickford, of Mrs. Lockwood's boarding house on the street and requested her not to say anything about the bill he owed, as it would hurt him in his efforts to secure the position. Mrs. Lockwood said that Guiteau was a great bother to Gen. Logan.

The package of documents left by Guiteau, intended for Byron Andrews, of the Chicago Inter Ocean, were placed in the hands of the police, and were not delivered to that gentleman. Afterward they were handed to District Attorney Corkhill, in whose possession they now remain. Every effort has been made to obtain them from Col. Corkhill, but he deems it improper at this time to give them out for publication and steadfastly refuses to permit them to be telegraphed or even examined. Only the contents of a note addressed to Andrews was communicated to him as a basis for his sworn statement that he had no acquaintance with Guiteau.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Col. Aingler, City Postmaster, this morning had investigation made to trace money orders that came for Guiteau. Only one money order for $25 was found made out by Chas. A. Bryan.

The Superintendent of the Money Order Office remembers Guiteau distinctly as being in the office several times of late, and thinks that he must have received orders under different names. Last night the Postoffice officials were positive that not less than three or four money orders had been received by Guiteau in the past three weeks but they could not then make an investigation, as it was a holiday and the clerks having charge of the records were absent.

Further investigation is being made to ascertain if any orders were paid to Guiteau under another name. A registered letter came several weeks ago addressed to Charles Gautier, and it appears it was for Guiteau. If Guiteau was planning the assassination and had any confederates it is most likely he would get his mail under an assumed name. Officials and authorities, however, are still convinced that he was not in any conspiracy—that he had no confederates.

Guiteau's brother in law, who is here, said this morning that Guiteau is so egotistical that he would not have confided in anybody, had he known of persons who were willing to join with him; that he imagined he was going to commit a heroic deed and he wanted all the notoriety.

The Postmaster at New York City has been informed by telegraph of the money order from that city, and steps will be taken there at once to hunt up Bryan and ascertain what relations he had with Guiteau, and how he came to send him $25 as far back as last March. It is not probable that Guiteau had ever thought of assassinating the President. He was then trying to obtain an appointment.

GUITEAU'S PLAN FOR A NEW CABINET.

Among the papers taken from Guiteau was a letter to Vice President Arthur, saying he had assassinated the President, and by this act he (Arthur) had been made President of the United States. The letter then went on to recommend the following reconstruction of the Cabinet: Conkling, Secretary of State; Levi P. Morton, Secretary of the Treasury; John A. Logan, Secretary of War; Emory A. Storrs, Attorney General. James might say, as he was doing well as to the Navy and Interior Departments they did not amount to much and might be left as they are.

GUITEAU CLAIMING A PENSION.

Dr. Hood, the medical examiner at the Pension Office, recalls that Guiteau made an application for a pension some two months ago upon the representation that he was a soldier during the civil war. Dr Hood investigated the claim, and the papers were filed away with the endorsement, "Insane."

Connected Details.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—The President had alighted from his carriage and was passing through the ladies' room to the cars. When about a few feet inside of the room the assassin, who was within three feet of him, fired one shot. The President was dazed and made no attempt at self-protection. Blaine had turned towards the door, when the assassin fired the second shot. In 10 seconds the President fell, and Mrs. White, who attends the ladies' waiting room, rushed to him and raised up his head. Blaine also rushed to the assistance of the President.

THE ASSASSIN

passed out towards B street, but Capt. Parke, Ticket Agent, jumped through a window and caught the assassin, who made no resistance. Officer Corney, Depot Policeman, rushed up and took hold of the assassin, and immediately afterwards officer Scott took hold of him. Parke let the officers have him and turned his attention to the President. Help came and the President was taken up stairs He said not a word until he was laid down, when he asked that his shoes be taken off, saying he felt a pain in his feet, as soon as his shoes were removed he said to Sec. Windom: "Go right now and send a telegram to Mrs. Garfield, saying I feel considerably better, and if she feels well enough, tell her to come to Washington immediately."

This dispatch was sent and a special train at once sent to Long Branch for Mrs. Garfield.

SEC BLAINE

was not going with the party, but went down to bid the President good bye. He said:

"The President and I were walking arm-in-arm towards the train. I heard two shots and saw a man run. I started after him, but seeing that he was grabbed just as he got out the room, I came to the President and found him lying on the floor. The floor was covered with the President's blood. A number of people who were around shortly afterward have some of that blood on their person. I think I know the man. I think his name is Gitteaux. The assassin is about five feet seven inches high, of strong though not stout build. The weapon he used was a revolver about seven inches long. It had an ivory handle. The caliber was very large; it is known as a California pistol. It made a very loud report.

Parke says both shots were fired while the assassin was behind the President. When Officers Scott and Carney got hold of the assassin and were taking him to police headquarters, he said voluntarily to them, "I did it and will go to jail for it. I am a Stalwart, and Arthur will be President." He had a letter in his hand and wanted the officers take it to Gen. Sherman, saying it would be all right. The prisoner made no resistence, saying he had contemplated killing the President—it was for the good of the country.

About 9 o'clock the assassin went to a hack stand adjoining the depot and engaged a hack from Barton, a colored hackman. He said he wanted to go to Glenwood in a short time, and wanted the hackman to drive very fast when he should get in the hack. He agreed to pay $2.00 for the hack, on condition that the hackman would drive fast. When stopped the assassin was going to the hack he had engaged, and he insisted that it was important for him to go and deliver a message to Gen. Sherman. When the officers refused to let him go he begged them to take the letter he had to Gen. Sherman.

PHYSICIANS HOPEFUL.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Doctor Bliss says emphatically that the President is decidedly improved this morning, and that his prospect is more favorable than at any time yet. The President this morning woke up from a good sleep and all present in the room were delighted to hear him say, "I am hungry; I must have something to eat," and he was given some chicken broth, though the doctors had some fear that it would not remain on his stomach. It did, however, and after eating it the President remarked: "I feel much better." Then the doctors made an examination, and found that the swelling in the stomach called "tympanitis" had receded, and that the pulse was gradually falling to its normal condition.

All faces at the White House to-day wear an expression of hope. The doctors show that they really feel the encouraging words they utter.

The weather is warm, but the President's room is the most pleasantly situated and gets all the breeze there.

The surgeons agree that the turning point in the case will probably occur to-day.

TO CONSULTING PHYSICIANS.

The following dispatch has been sent by the surgeons in charge to Drs. Agnew and Hamilton, the two consulting physicians:

9:20 A. M.—After you left urgent symptoms continued. There was much restlessness, constant slight vomiting and by 8 o'clock P. M. the President's condition seemed even more serious that when you saw him. Since then his symptoms have gradually become more favorable. There has been no vomiting or regurgitation of fluid from the stomach since 8 o'clock last evening. The President has slept a good deal during the night, and this morning expresses himself as comparatively comfortable. The spasmodic pains in the lower extremities have entirely disappeared, leaving behind, however, much muscular soreness and tenderness to the touch. There is less tympanites, and no additional tenderness whatever except in the hepatic region.

Since 8 P. M. he has taken an ounce and a half of chicken broth every two hours, and has retained it all. The wound was again dressed antiseptically this morning. Altogether but one half a grain of morphia has been administered hypodromically during the last 24 hours, and it has been found quite sufficient. The pulse, however, still keeps up; it was 114; temperature, 105; respiration, 24.

Seventy two hours have not elapsed since the wound was received. We can not but feel encouraged this morning, although, of course, we do not overlook any of the points that still beset the path toward recovery. The course of treatment agreed upon will be steadily pursued.

D. W. BLISS,
J. K. BARNES,
J. J. WOODWARD,
ROBERT REYBURN.

1:30 P. M.

The favorable condition of symptoms reported in the last bulletin continues. There has been no recurrence of vomiting. Pulse, 110; temperature, 101; respiration, 24. The President lies at present in a natural sleep. No further bulletins will be issued till 8:30 P. M. unless in case of an unfavorable change.

D. W. BLISS,
J. K. BARNES,
J. J. WOODWARD,
ROBT. REYBURN.

4:00 P. M.

The President's symptoms are as favorable as at the date of the last official bulletin. He has just had a natural and perfect movement of the bowels, which was not accompanied by unfavorable indications. He has taken no anodynes since 10 o'clock last night, and his condition is regarded by the attending physicians as very encouraging.

SEC. BLAINE

Makes Public Acknowledgment Through the Press—The President's Wife—Gen. Grant.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—The Secretary of State has issued the following:

To the Press:

On behalf of the President and Mrs. Garfield, I desire to make a public acknowledgement of the very numerous messages of condolence and affection which have been received since Saturday morning from almost every State in the Union—from the South as bountifully as from the North, and from countries beyond the seas have come messages of anxious inquiry and tender words of sympathy, in such numbers that it has been found impossible to answer them in detail. I therefore ask the newspapers to state for the President and Mrs. Garfield the deep gratitude which they feel for the devotion of their fellow countrymen and friends abroad in this hour of heavy affliction.

JAS G. BLAINE.
Secretary of State.

MRS. GARFIELD

continues to bear up nobly. She is the only person besides the doctors and nurses who is permitted free access to the President. She goes in when she pleases, and if awake he always greets her with a smile, and she speaks encouraging words.

SEC BLAINE

has suffered the keenest mental anguish since the President was shot down, and his suffering has told upon him terribly.

Hon. Marshall Jewell and Commissioner Raum called early. Atty. Gen. McVeagh, who has been the coolest man of everybody in the great disaster, was at the White House early. Sen Harrison, of Indiana, came early this morning.

GEN. GRANT.

LONG BRANCH, July 5.—Gen. Grant visits the hotel hourly to peruse the bulletins received. Surprise has been expressed that Grant has sent but one dispatch of inquiry about the President, and that to Sec. Lincoln. The General, hearing this, remarked: "I have called upon Mrs. Garfield and telegraphed my heartfelt sympathies for the President, through Sec. Lincoln. More than this is not necessary, unless the President dies, when I will proceed to Washington."

LAST OFFICIAL ACT

WASHINGTON, July 5.—The Evening Star says the last official act of the President before he was shot down was signing an order to the Department of the Interior to issue a commission to Henry J. Ramsdell, of this City, as Register of Wills for the District, vice Col. Ames Webster resigned. Owing to the confusion at the Executive Mansion this statement cannot be verified, but is probably correct. Ramsdell is the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

THE CONSPIRACY THEORY.

The conspiracy theory which has been so extensively circulated for the past two or three days by certain officious people anxious to make capital for themselves, has not met with much encouragement. The Evening Critic, the organ of the star route men, contained last night a double-leaded editorial, expressing great indignation over the charges of Col. Cook and his friends. This article hints at rebellion, anarchy and bloodshed, but all of these spasmodic utterings are wholly uncalled for. The whole life of the assassin Guiteau, and his entire record as brought out from day to day by the different reports from all sections of the country, go to show the absolute certainty of his working alone, and his capacity for the deed which he has committed. Col. Cook is the special attorney, representing the Government in the star route prosecutions, and he does not himself to-day insist on the conspiracy theory, nor does any one else for that matter.

THE DOCTORS' JEALOUSY.

There has been some jealousy excited by the fact that Dr. Bliss has alone signed the bulletins from the sick room. Yesterday he discharged most of the physicians who have been in attendance, with the exception of those who will remain with him, and who will hereafter sign all bulletins. Dr. D. W. Bliss, of this City, remains in absolute charge of the case.

SIMILAR CASES

In Which the Wounded Men Recovered.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Surgeon General Barnes, who is in close attendance on the President, says: "From my experience in war I have abundant proof that injuries to the liver either by stab or gunshot are not necessarily fatal, although dangerous. Authors who usually forbid exploration of wounds of the abdomen, sanction an extraordinary latitude in incissions for the purpose of removing foreign bodies from the liver. It is practiced extensively by French and German physicians, it having been recommended by LeDraw and Messbaum, who are sustained by Perry. I remember that about 62 cases of recovery from shotwounds of the liver during the war came under my observation and about one half of these were further complicated by lisions of other organs. At Thatcher's Run, a boy 19 years of age was shot in the back, the ball passing through his liver and emerging from the abdomen. He recovered in less than a month. I was so interested in this case that I looked over the pension list to see if he had applied for a pension, but his name was not on the list, so it may be presumed he recovered fully. Another case, which was thought important enough to report in of Private Gilbert Smith. There beyond a doubt the lesion was the most severe. When he presented himself to the pension examiner he reported him in good health.

"Another case furnishes another evidence that a shot in the liver is not always fatal. I know of others. In July, 1868, a policeman was shot through the liver, but four months of careful treatment pulled him through. In two cases which occurred at the battle of Suffolk, in 1862, the ball lodged in the liver and was extracted. The patient subsequently recovered. There are also several cases in which the ball lodged in the liver and remained there. These cases are interesting in case it should be found impossible to extract the ball from Pres. Garfield's wound. One of the wounded men was also from Ohio. In his case the ball entered several inches above and slightly to the right of the navel. Among other striking cases of the ball remaining in the liver was that of Sergeant Snively, of the New York cavalry, who was wounded at Piedmont in 1864. The ball lodged in the right lobe of the liver. True, it took a year of treatment before he could be discharged from the hospital, but his recovery was quite complete. Another soldier was shot in the liver the ball passing through the liver and remaining in the tissues. It was from a large revolver about the same size as that used by Guiteau. There was no suppurating, vomiting, diarrhœa, or fever, and the man recovered.

A solder 21 years old was wounded at Chancellorsville, both in the liver and lung, but he recovered and passed along as well as ever. Another curious recovery from what is perhaps more difficult to treat than a shot wound in the liver was the lodging in the liver of a large bone splint, which was shattered by a bullet in the case of John Queen, of Pennsylvania.

Not only the right lobe of the liver, but a large branch of the hepatice duct was perforated. All these cases were from a certain point of view more hopeless than Pres. Garfield's. They occurred on the battlefield where they could not receive immediate attention, whereas physicians were on the spot a few moments after the President was shot. Moreover, the attendance here can be more regular and the appliances are nearer at haud than they were in such cases and every change in his condition can be noticed at once. Then, too, Pres Garfield was in excellent health and his constitution was magnificent. He is struggling gallantly, and will continue to fight manfully for his life. We treat him internally with milk and lime water and also give him hypederanic injections of morphine to allay the nervousness. To the wound we apply a cold compress to prevent inflammation from setting in. It is too early yet to say whether we shall attempt to extract the ball. At any rate, it would be dangerous to attempt it now. I cannot be sanguine as to his recovery, and yet we are justified in hoping for it."

ARTHUR.

His Meeting With Sec. Blaine.

Special Dispatch to Cleveland Leader.

WASHINGTON, July 4.—Sec Blaine called upon Vice Pres Arthur at the house of Reb. Jones, where he has been staying since he arrived here. Mr. Arthur's usually fresh complexion was pallid, and his eyes were red with the sleeplessness of the past two days. He looked bowed by the appalling suddenness of the great trial that overshadowed him. When Mr. Blaine drove up he alighted, and barely nodding to the attendants that stood outside the door, passed in without a word. His face was the picture of unutterable woe, and he appeared to be distracted in its contemplation. Sen. Jones and Arthur sat silently in the library awaiting the arrival of the messages that arrived by liveried messengers almost every five minutes. When the servants opened the door the stately Secretary walked in, and Gen. Arthur rose hurriedly to meet him with extended hands. For an instant neither spoke, and tears suffused the eyes of both. There was a cordial grasp of the hand, and then Mr. Blaine, in a husky tone, said gently: "I fear we can reasonably hope no longer; I am afraid our President is at the point of death." General Arthur let go the Secretary's hand and dropped back in a chair. Till then he had hoped against hope. Suffering from nervous exhaustion and hours of poignant grief, his strength almost failed him at the announcement of what he had longed not to hear and had prayed not to happen. In a few seconds he mastered his feelings enough to ask in broken tones for the particulars. The Secretary gave him his reasons for his fear, and in tones of horror declared that he saw no possible ground on which to base an expectation for which he had longed and looked since the assassin had done its work. Gen. Arthur would talk of nothing but the fate of the President.

When it was mentioned that he might desire to summon Congress, he could not listen to anything, but, in a cracking voice, said there was time enough for consultation about that if the worst must happen. He still could not bring himself to realize that he must be thrust by violence into the Executive chair of the Nation. He said he should rely upon the advice of the Cabinet, whom he trusted to do what was best when the necessity was upon them. Mr. Blaine rose to go, and M

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Nothing in the nature of an exchange will be inserted in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD unless accompanied with a remittance of 50c.

Home Talks.

Some wicked masculine—we know it was a masculine because no woman would acknowledge such a "soft impeachment"—has said that there was never a time when the feminine tongue was too weary to wag, or the feminine pen to write. Of course it is a slander. Individually we are a living proof of it, for overmuch work, warm weather or some other malign influence has brought us to that condition. We can think of helpful words that might be said to THE HOUSEHOLD, but it would be a good deal easier to say them with the thermometer at 50 than when it is up to 90. So as the schoolboy says more expressively than elegantly, we are going to "play off," as far as our own words are concerned.

Ever since we heard a discussion the other day about "society lying"—to put it in plain terms—and read one or two letters upon the subject, we have wanted to give THE HOUSEHOLD the benefit of Francis Power Cobbe's ideas in this direction, feeling that every woman ought to read and ponder them well. This is a good time to present them, and accordingly here they are:

Starting from this nobler view of the law of veracity, nothing is more pitiful than to hear the discussions which not unfrequently take place about the lawfulness of saying that which is untrue in one or another contingency. It is, of course, very easy to imagine these casuistical cases, such as the familiar stock instance of the wife of Hugo Grotius concealing her husband from his enemies, and denying his presence. But a the old Roman, Aulus Gellius, asks pertinently: "If any one says it is lawful to tell lies on this or that occasion, let us ask him where if we may tell lies at all he will draw the line and stop? At one lie? or a dozen, which may be needful to cover it? Or at seven lies? Or at a whole series of perjuries?" We may *pardon* a man or woman who in a great and pressing emergency uses a falsehood, just as we may *pardon* a man who amid the roar of cannon loses his nerve and runs away in battle, or a confessor who flinches from the stake. But the true virtue of truthfulness knows no exception. It is, as I have repeated, a *Personal Duty*; and there is no use in showing that it may be a *social convenience* to neglect it. The personal law of truth cannot be abrogated for any such reason, any more than the personal law of chastity. Most of the disputes and casuistries which have taken place about lies have arisen from the disputants thinking of truth only as it regarded the *person spoken to*. If they had thought first (as they ought to have done) of the *speaker*, they would have perceived that the facts on which they relied for canceling the obligations of truth only touched the *society* and *secondary* obligation, and left the *Personal Duty* as fixed as before. If we keep clearly in view that we *are dishonored* by suffering a lie to pass our lips (and the better we tell it, the more we are dishonored), we shall not feel much concern to inquire whether the person to whom we tell it has or has not a right to the truth told *to him*. It is a double sin to tell a lie to an honest, trustful friend; but it is quite sufficiently heinous single (*i. e. personal* sin) to tell one to an enemy.

Here, again we come on the traces of the miserable heresy of the distinction between masculine and feminine virtue. We are all agreed that a masculine liar ought to be kicked. Why should not a feminine liar be sent to Coventry? I do not know whether the common opinion be just, and whether women, on the whole, do tell more falsehoods than men. I am glad to say I have very few friends who tell lies! Still, I think women are not so indignant when their word is doubted as they ought to be, and that there is a certain inaccuracy and prevarication common enough among ladies which we do not find to the same extent among men of the same class. When we descend in the social scale, I am afraid veracity becomes more and more rare in either sex, just as it is rare among all the Southern nations. A clear-sighted friend once defined to me exactly the sort of shuffling to which I allude, as practiced by English ladies, compared to the frank mendacity of a Frenchwoman. Both an English and a French wife, she supposed, wish to go to A some place which their husbands forbade them to visit. The Frenchwoman goes, and on her return simply tells her husband she has been to A. The Englishwoman likewise goes to A, but she also goes to B, for the express purpose of being able to say she has gone to B; and on her return she tells her husband only of her visit to B.

I fear this kind of thing is only too common in some sad lives—the vice of a servile sex! God help us out of it!

A good deal of confusion exists, especially in the minds of some imperfectly educated women, as to the precise line which separates truthfulness from falsehood; and nothing is more common than to find in a certain class what I am always inclined to call the Pharisaism of veracity,—the straining at a gnat of small verbal accuracy, while the whole spirit of truthfulness is sometimes absent from the heart. Of this kind is the ridiculous question about saying "Not at home" to visitors. Of course, it would be simpler, if we were to adopt the French and Italian form of asking whether a lady "receives" that day, and desire our servants to say that she did or did not "receive," as the case might be. But the cordial spirit of English society long ago established the conventional phrase of "Not at home," as if courteously to imply that, were we in our homes, we should never shut the door on our friends; and this old-fashioned formula has for a century, I should imagine, been understood by everybody to signify precisely the same as if we said, "Does not receive." What is there in the question of veracity to do with the matter? Words (it cannot too often be repeated) have no absolute meaning, only the meaning we agree to attach to them, and in which we know they will be understood. If we use words literally exact, but conveying as we know a *false* impression, we incur the guilt of a lie, often of a peculiarly base kind of a lie. If, on the contrary, we use a conventional phrase, not exactly or literally describing the fact, but conveying, as we know, a *true* impression, we shall incur no guilt, we have told no lie. I shall return to this subject in discussing the Social Day of straightforwardness with our neighbors.

But is it only in actual speech or written words that we are bound to be truthful? To me, it seems that for some people all life is a lie, though they never actually utter a falsehood. Lift your thoughts to what a truthful life must be, and see what it includes, and what a noble, splendid thing it would be to live it out. In such a life there would be nothing to conceal, least of all our convictions on the most solemn topics of human thought. How many thousands of men and women at this particular time keep their opinions on religion a secret, and go on acting as if they believed what they do not believe, it would be impossible to calculate. Of course I do not mean to imply that it is any one's duty to make public or even to speak to their nearest friends of the vague doubts, the endless weary questionings which torment nearly all thinking minds, at this time of transition. On this point, I am much of Goethe's opinion: "If you have got any faith, for God's sake give me a share of it; but you may keep your doubts to yourself. I have plenty of my own." But when the doubts cease to be merely *negative* or fluid, and when they consolidate into crystallized forms of disbelief on one side or belief on the other, then I think we are bound to avow the change which has passed over us. It is one of the bad signs of this age that nobody seems willing to bear the smallest inconvenience or reproach or coolness from their relatives, for the sake of convictions for which our ancestors would have gone to the stocks or the stake. A man or woman who spends his life with people from whom he carefully conceals the very root and main-spring of his own moral character is in a position so false, so undignified, so warped and unnatural that I am at a loss to see how he or she can keep clear of actual mendacity. But, even supposing this to be possible, little is gained for the whole life is mendacious. On the other hand, the advantage to the heart and soul of straightforwardness in this great matter is absolutely measureless. When this is secured, then the "happy warrior" fights everywhere under his colors; and the whole battle of life becomes clear and simplified.

Again, in all our social relations there is the possibility of being guilty of wretched untruthfulness, without actually telling any downright lie. Some miserable people try to appear better born than they really are or to move in better society than they really frequent; and all they say in company is said *avec l'intention* to convey some impression of their fashion or importance. This seems a childish vanity enough, but it is abominably base and little-minded. And, again, women have acquired the shameful reputation of being insincere and treacherous friends, because they falsely make display of the outward tokens of affection toward other women, whom they ought in candor to treat only with courtesy, not with caresses.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Who is to Blame?

"What can I do?" is asked over and over again by scores of helpless women—women who, all their lives, have been fed, clothed, and shielded from all the rougher phases of life by father or husband, and who are suddenly deprived of protection and sustenance—when they are forced to see the fact that their future welfare depends on their own exertions. There is a pitiful aspect in the false and sickly sentimentality which they advocate, and the utterly impractical plans which they weakly attempt only to find their theories laughed at, and their work a failure.

Let us suppose a case: Here is a woman who has always considered herself, and perhaps, been considered by her neighbors, a capable woman. She has been provided with everything she needed by the exertions of someone else, and has occupied a good social position. Success is recognized as the result of strength and good judgment, but it is not clearly discerned by the world at large that her success is the result of another's strength and judgment. She has always been kindly treated, has never had a temptation to do a palpable wrong, and consequently has never palpably erred. She belongs to a large class of whom nothing can be said except that they are respectable. She has used enough discernment to know what is becoming to her in the way of dress, what acquaintances to court and whom to cut, and has presided at her table with important dignity and talked about her "duties which must be done" with the air of a martyr, and to those persons who are not keen observers she has appeared more helpful than she really has been. And now that she is thrown on her own resources, her moonshine friends do not doubt that she will succeed, and she herself does not doubt her capacity, and she makes her first trial with an assurance that is born of inexperience.

This woman would never suspect her helplessness unless she had been cut loose from all family support and forced to take care of her own property if any had been left her, or make her own living if there has not, then she suddenly perceives as her property dwindles away that "the world is full of sharks ready to cheat a woman." She does not know the difference between good and bad management in business affairs, and consequently never traces her misfortunes to bad management. If she is portionless and must find some way for providing her own bread and butter, her ideas of labor and her capacities to perform acceptable labor are as vague and impractical as her methods of financiering. She is willing to work, very willing if she can find something to suit her; she has had experience in nothing but the light part of housekeeping and plain sewing and yet she feels herself competent to undertake anything that does not require physical strength, for the helpless woman usually has a goodly list of nervous ailments. She sees other women succeed in various occupations and says "if they are smart enough to succeed, so could I; if somebody would only get me started."

She does not take into account the knowledge and experience which they have obtained by months of application and does not consider that a person who is capable of accomplishing much is capable of finding the ways and means of getting started. It would be as sensible to say that the infant could walk with his untrained limbs as well as anyone. If some one would only set him on his feet and get him started. So many women think it lady-like to ignore the places that are easy to get, housekeeping, sewing, laundry work, &c., and aim at something they consider more respectable. They are very like or perhaps identified with a class of office seekers, who are persons who do not have backbone nor industry enough to conduct any private business successfully, and with a good stock of ambition and self assurance imagine themselves capable of taking charge of any public business and think their time and judgement are worth a large salary. So argues to herself our helpless woman. She wants an easy place at a large salary when she has not the self denial nor continuity to patiently work, improve and fit herself for an important place. She expects to reach success at a bound, and is either angry or disheartened when she fails. If she is angry she talks indignantly about the laws and customs which crush poor women, of the tyranny of men who usurp the power and devour all the rich kernels of life, and leave all the dry husks for women in general, and herself in particular, and she demands that her wrongs be immediately righted.

If she is disheartened she asks, "What can I do? I failed because I did—So did not help me at the critical time, or in the right manner. Somebody help me find a congenial place and then help me through with my duties if I show signs of failing again."

Disgrace for such a scold! If she would judge others by the uncomplaining husband or father who has spent his life in making hers happy, she would come nearer judging aright the larger class of successful workers. Men are not always too indulgent, but the relatives of the helpless woman have been so else she would have been forced to develop her self dependence and would not have been helpless. Her perplexities and fancied wrongs will never end, however, until she substitutes practical work for sentimental complaining. M. P.

Useful Notes.

Use as good tools as your means will allow you to purchase, for it is good economy, and be sure to take good care of them. When not in use, house them. Thousands of dollars are annually lost by farmers in not providing shelter for their wagons and other farming tools. In the purchase of implements it is not always good policy to buy the cheapest, for in the end they may be the most expensive.

I consider it cheaper to do a large share of the repairs to implements on the farm, than to carry them to the village and pay some one else for repairing them. But to do this a workshop must be provided, and it must also be stocked with more or less tools; the more the better, providing the owner has the necessary skill to use them. No farm is properly equipped unless it has a good workshop.

The busy season is now upon us, and we must sow, and cultivate, or we shall not reap; and from now until next November the farmer must be very busy, and do some hard days' work. In fact I find there is work enough to keep me busy the year round, and I do not see how some farmers can say they "have no work to do just now!" I can not find that time, and when I take a survey of their farms, as I sometimes have, it looks to me as though I could find enough for them to do. At this season it is the custom with some farmers to change works with each other, but with what little experience I have had in that line, have usually found it unsatisfactory and can not, as a common practice recommend it to any brother farmers. Once in a while it is advantageous, but not often, to my idea.

Many growers of flowers are so anxious to have a fine display of blossoms that they crowd them too much, and thus fail to grow what they want. Annuals should have plenty of room to give the best results. Asters (tall) should stand at least a foot apart, and dwarf, eight or 10 inches; petunias two feet; balsams, 18 inches; larkspur one foot; pansies, may, however, be planted four inches apart.

Now is a good time to prune the apple trees, and especially such as were grafted last year; and, where two scions were inserted, if both are alive, one had better be removed; and where two limbs are likely to interfere with each other, cut off one. This matter ought to be attended to at once. Young trees that are growing rapidly need to be looked over annually and pruned some; and, in fact, all apple trees should receive a yearly trimming, and then it will not be necessary to remove any large limbs, which is always to be avoided, if possible.

Steuben Co., N. Y. F. H. D.

To "Aunt Bell."

This letter to THE HOUSEHOLD was prompted by "Aunt Bell's" instruction to "Vismead" in her letter of June 9.

Now, "Aunt Bell," while I can but admire some of your sentiments in regard to "shirt polishing," so easy to please a husband, etc., yet do you want to be understood that all girls should marry to please their mothers, because, forsooth, your happy wedded life was only attained through your sacrifice of early romantic ideas?

I believe in pleasing, as far as consistent, those to whom, as children, we owe so much, but think the censure too severe when you instruct "Vismead" that, "being young means only inexperienced, a little selfish, a good deal vain, and inclined to dispute about trifles."

What a trial you must have been in your younger days? Now, with all due respect to your experience of twenty odd years, I ask you if all the older ones who have entered the marriage state during that period have each meekly acquiesced in the trifling annoyances that arise in every home. If so, you have had a wonderful experience.

Mine has been that older heads in most cases create the mischief, and in youthful inexperience find minds ready to listen to and accept what they think is uttered in their interest, and, like Socrates, are ready to bless the friend (?) who administers the first deadly potion to their wedded happiness, administered because given with intent and as surely deadly as was the cup of hemlock to the ancient sage.

Would you advise a young lady to select from the suitors at her command the most venerable gray-haired specimen simply because experience dwells in him and mother likes him?

Oh, no! Experience does not make a happy home.

Let "Vismead" marry the man she loves best and all needful experience will be added for her happiness.

I am sorry that your forbearance prevented you from giving us the benefit of the "pages you could write upon this subject." Let us hear from you again.

UNCLE FRED.

The Experience of a Blade Reader.

I admire the idea as I see it of the editor of THE HOUSEHOLD in regard to rearing girls in such a manner as to be capable of taking care of themselves. When I was a girl of 10 or 11 years I lived in the sunny South, (and still I like its genial clime more than North) on a farm; the happiest of places for one of quiet temperament. As many remember, times got to be very hard there during the last years of our late war, and those who had spirit to do for themselves had it much better than those who had not. Well, my brother, 15 months older than I, would plow, but could not guide the horses, so I rode and kept them straight, and in this manner we did much that was pleasant and profitable. My mother, being the best of managers and not afraid to work, we raised our own flax, and she made her table linen, towels, sheets, and all the boys wear. She understood coloring and colored cotton yarn for the girls' dresses, which were made up very nearly and looked well. I have been proud more than once of mine, if it is a sin to be proud of dress. She wove blankets, coverlets, carpet, etc., not in factory, but in her own kitchen, which made a very comfortable place for your writer to play hide and seek with her eight sisters and four brothers at eve, when the toils of the day were over. Had those precious brothers been reared in towns or city they would scorn to spend their evenings so innocently, but would prefer the street and all places of excitement, where no good is learned.

Those brothers have grown, one to manhood. He, when he came in at noon to his dinner, would take down his slate and arithmetic and work many examples before the dinner hour was over, then return again to earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, and do the same in the afternoon, reading history grammar, geography, algebra, etc. Thus he progressed till he was 19 years old, when he became Deputy County Surveyor, and was good at his business, as well as a good farmer, and, better than all, with good, steady, fixed habits. My other brothers are following in the same footsteps with much better opportunities.

M. E. K. E.

They Righted Themselves.

Ho! all ye who mourn over woman's rights, or rather over woman's wrongs, come listen while I tell how some Western girls righted themselves.

Husking corn is one of the privileges the tyrant man has reserved for himself. These girls decided that women are just as good as men, therefore should have a share of the wealth arising from the work aforesaid, and hired out to husk. They were paid as many cents a bushel too. The tyrant man hid his unquestionable rage under an assumption of pleasure at getting his work done when labor is so scarce. Alexander sighed for new worlds to conquer, so these girls longed for another triumph. Their shirts were muddy, and hung damp around their ankles, and this suggested a fresh inroad on man's sphere. Men wore a dress suited to their work. Women were as good and smart as men, therefore women should dress the same. No sooner thought than done, and these spirited women carried, no doubt, untold consternation among the men by appearing—to use a Western phrase more descriptive than elegant—in "breeches and galluses."

Now women, here is an example worthy of imitation. These girls, untaught and alone, have struck the keynote of success. It is doubtless owing to the style of dress that men have succeeded better in the arts and sciences, and not to any steady preparation for a life work, nor to any sex in intellect. It is asserted, but by men, that women's heads average smaller than men's but are women to be defrauded out of their right to plow, drive street cars, plead divorce suits, give up their seats to the opposite sex, carry bundles etc., by any such flimsy pretence? Does not quality make up for quantity? A white woman is better than a negro any day, and a negro can run a faro bank or sell whisky by virtue of his sex. Are women to submit to such despotic tyranny? No! Arise in your might, women of America and demand the ballot. Then no more can the grimy coal heaver curl the end of his nose with scorn at an American woman as his inferior, for doubtless the ballot will give that woman the strength to bloody that nose, and black that eye. I can, if it can accomplish all that is claimed for it.

MARY DURANT.

Fringe for Lambrequins.

Take a piece of brown paper as wide as you desire to have the fringe and about six inches long. Then wind the zephyr around and around the paper, leaving the space of the width of a thread of the zephyr between each two. When the end of the strip is reached, break the zephyr off and fasten the end. Make the stitch on the sewing machine as short as possible and sew along one side a fourth of an inch from the edge; then cut along the lower edge and the paper will come out. If a piece of cloth the shade of the zephyr is basted on the edge of the paper and left just wide enough to come below where it will be sewn along it makes the fringe very desirable. We find it a speedy way and very pretty.

A great many sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD have written, asking me to explain through the BLADE what I meant by the "Transfer" patterns I spoke of a few weeks ago. At the fancy stores we find embroidery, braiding, chain stitching, etc., patterns for use on any kind of material, and printed in blue or buff, to be used on dark or light goods. They are expected to be used but once, as they come low. They are stamped by simply passing a warm iron over the paper laid on the goods, and are known by name as "Briges' Patent Transfer Papers." They are every design of flowers, fruit, and figures, also many large initials. If any of the sisters cannot procure these patterns in their Town, if they will write to me describing what they wish and enclosing stamp, I will get a price-list for them and aid them in selecting.

MARY MCCUNE

Box 247, Carrollton, Carroll Co., Mo.

Husbands Defended.

Some one in last weeks BLADE asks "who is the author of a poem beginning "Heaven is not reached at a single bound." It is taken from a poem by J. S. Holland entitled "Gradation", and may be found in his book called "The Marble Prophecy."

A writer signing herself "Kansas" not long ago had considerable to say about a letter written by me last Fall. Unfortunately I went away from home a short time after writing it, and so missed any other comments that were made on the letter, not seeing a BLADE for two months. If all Kansas husbands are like hers or the ones she has observed, I am very glad I don't live in that State. I can hardly imagine myself receiving a "gentle reminder" to devote myself more exclusively to home interests, have had many more reproofs for "working myself to death" than for neglecting my work. I don't believe "Kansas" has a husband of her own or she would not think that "he does not want her interested in all that he is." My husband never sits down with a daily newspaper and reads to himself. He expects me to be interested and understand all affairs of the country as well as himself, and if I don't they are explained to me so plainly I cannot help it. I think every wife should understand all about her husband's business that she may know just how much she can spend, but it is not necessary for a man to be bothered with all the little things a woman is. Although a woman may share a man's worries to a certain extent, she cannot really share the responsibility of providing for the family.

COLORADO.

Hints to Young Housekeepers.

When canning fruit in glass jars, rinse the jars in cold water and dip a towel in cold water and wring, then wrap it around your jar and fill with boiling fruit and screw down the lids, and you will avoid cracking the jars.

Use putty instead of sealing wax for tin cans. It will not run into your fruit and spoil the taste of it.

Green grapes make good pies, much better than when they are ripe. A trial will convince you. They are good when canned green before the seeds become hard.

To prevent tomato catsup from molding, after it is made, add one eighth part of grated horseradish.

To keep beets for Winter or Spring use, cook and slice ready for the table, then put into vinegar, and heat to boiling, and can and seal the same as fruit.

To make cucumber pickles, soak in salt water over night, then pack closely in jars, heat good vinegar, boiling hot, add a little sugar, and pour over them, and seal the same as fruit.

AUNT ANN.

Expressions of Opinion.

"Buckeye," Mt. Sterling, O., writes thus: "I was somewhat surprised when I read "Kansas Teacher's" letter in the last issue of your paper. He says tardiness is an evil which he can not overcome, and compares it to an elephant that refuses to be subject to the wishes of his master, and says whispering is very delicate but easy to prevent. I differ from him in this respect, though probably the Jayhawkers don't whisper, or are not inclined to, so much as the Buckeyes. I can prevent tardiness a great deal easier than whispering, and I think when he calls the roll requiring each who have not whispered during the day to answer *perfect* that several make a mistake when they say it. I have been teaching four years, and shall have taught 11 months this year, and have never during the whole time required my scholars not to whisper, and I have been as successful as other teachers with my school. I say let them whisper."

"D. E. T.," Longmont, Col., writes in regard to the same subject:

"I am no school teacher, but I would like to give my views of "Kansas Teacher," in the BLADE of June 16, in answer to "Bertie." The way to overcome the tardiness is all right, but answering to *perfect* or *imperfect* I would not hold to, for the same reason as, (I will give the words of 'Kansas Teacher:') "Lip-hissing is a double route to impress you with the fact that now I'm studying and to give chance to whisper." Now there was only one good boy that ever had a good sharp hatchet and cut the cherry tree, and when asked about it, owned up to it. Well, it's the same way with "Perfect" and "Imperfect." Humanity at a very small age wishes the approval of older people and it is perfectly natural for humanity to stretch the truth at a small age. There is a reward of some kind always ahead of the child, and the consequence of a falsehood is not well enough impressed on his mind to say "imperfect."

"One of the Girls," Portsmouth, O., says:

"A word to the hired girl. I see some of them are getting discouraged. Cheer up girls! It is no disgrace to know how to do housework, neither to do it. I am a farmer's daughter and am still learning to do housework from my mother and I do not think it any disgrace. I would if necessary *help* anyone and think nothing of it." And if I ever have to be a hired girl I shall know what to do.

John L. Tait, Jr., of Oregon, writes:

"For all who desire to go extensively into stock raising, Eastern Oregon, or that portion of Oregon which lies east of the Cascade Mountains, offers far greater advantages than can be secured here. Willamette Valley is almost essentially an agricultural division. Valuable timber trees cover the hills, and oak, fir, balm, soft maple, vine maple, cedar, ash, wild cherry, etc., are found in plenty in the valleys. As to the society to be found here, it is like the country itself, rough, perhaps, a little, but fresh and new to all who have not tried it. Education is receiving a great deal of attention—this does not speak very badly of the citizens—and some of our schools would compare very favorably with any in the East. As to the climate, it is very aptly described by a knight of the hod, who, by some mischance, turned up in California. On being asked how he liked the climate of Oregon, he replied: 'Well, faith! it's just loike this: In the Winter it rains so much ye can't get away, and in the Summer the weather is so purty ye wouldn't leave to save yer neck.' Taken altogether Oregon is about as healthful a State as one can find anywhere."

"Polly Perkins" Indiana, writes in answer to "Texas Blonde:"

"That our advancement is due to our religion, is directly contrary to the fact. Were the Jews more enlightened than the Greeks? Religion is in every case the result of the stage of the enlightenment of its votaries. Moses' 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,' bears no resemblance to Christ's more enlightened 'Law of Love.' The religion of savages permits or requires the gratification of their cruel passions. The progress that has been made in the Christian religion would startle one of the early bishops, should he awake from sleep, far more than the Seven Sleepers were on their awakening. That the world and not religion is progressive, is shown by the fact that non progressive people cannot be converted to the progressive Christian religion.'"

"Aunt Maggie" writes from Kansas:

"I think 'Western Farmer's' wife is rather hard on 'Peggy Short.' I have known such cases as hers, and the only way I can see those women were to blame was in the beginning. They first did such drudgery to help the husband with his work. He soon looked for it as a natural consequence, and before she was aware she was a slave for life. I think too much help from either side does not always turn out well. I knew one bright young girl to marry a rich young farmer. She soon found he was $600 in debt on his farm, besides several small debts. She took a hand planter and worked with him, planting as much corn as he did, and working an hour later at night to get her work done. Walked two miles to take dinner to himself and hands during harvest. After doing all the chores to let him off early, helped gather in the crop in the fall, and then wanted him to give her $10 to get her a bureau to offset her eight months' work, when he plainly told her no, he got her to help him work. From overwork and disappointment she lost her mind for a season, and it cost the price of several bureaus to set her right again."

"Bodie," Edina, Mo., says of herself very sensibly:

"I will not marry just for the sake of marrying. I cannot act a hypocrite, and would not if I could. If I were to marry without loving my husband, although I could treat him kindly, he would know our love was not mutual. If ever a noble man comes around, and I think I can be a blessing to him, I will take him; if not, I shan't despair. If ever it becomes necessary for me to depend on my own exertions I can teach school; have taught several Winter terms, and know I am a success. I think a healthy woman who cannot make her own living is unfit for the duties of a wife. I agree with the writer who says that love is the result of deep respect for the intellectual and moral worth of a person." R.

The following three stanzas are from a poem about flowers, which we cannot give entire:

First from the earth will the blue violet come,
And others will follow when honey bees hum.
Pluck one and the sky, I love them, don't you?
Yes, every flower, of every hue.

There are some they call weeds, and some, too, are wild,
But oh, are they not like a gay, happy child?
Those gems of the forest, those leaflets we see,
More fair and more sweet than exotics can be

With culture and care such as many will give,
But though in the palace and hall room they shine,
Will they be what they were in day's "o'long syne?"

"Florence Dinsmore" writes of domestic economy:

"There is nothing that will go so far toward placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the arrangement of their household affairs. It matters not whether a man brings little or much into the house, if there is a constant leakage from the kitchen, his earnings will soon go, he knows not how nor when; and the great Demon Waste calls out for more, more, until he that provideth hath no more to give. It is the husband's duty to provide for the house, and it is the wife's duty to see that nothing goes wrongly out of it, not the least thing; nor under any pretense for it gives a way for Ruin to stalk in.

A man gets a wife to manage his domestic affairs; to assist him through the journey of life and to be to him a good counsellor and loving companion through all its trials and troubles. She should prize the trust thus placed in her, and make his happiness and prosperity her highest aim, and his approbation her reward. A good and prudent husband leaves the "fruits of his labor" with his best friend, and if that friend be not true to him, what can he hope for? If he can not place confidence in the wife of his choice where can he place it? We should remember it is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy, but it is the money saved out of the earnings."

"Kinnan," Dunlap, Ill., says:

"I generally read one or two hours each day. My house looks as well as most farmers' homes. I have my kitchen nearly all carpeted, white muslin lambrequin curtains, trimmed with lace, at the windows. I like my kitchen to look tolerably nice, as that is where I stay most of my time with my children. In the winter sometimes I go out and coast down the snow banks with them, or join them in some other play. My husband and I both play croquet quite often during the warm weather."

When I am away from home, or have one of my headache spells, my husband does the housework, dresses the children, and gets his and their meals; so you see we work together, and help one another. My advice to every one is not to grumble and fret because everything does not go the way that you think it should, for what might please us might not please somebody else. Take the world easy. Life is too short to be spent in unnecessary worrying and fretting."

Inquiries.

I have some birds. Some here in town call them Orioles. They are not as large as a robin. Their wings and tail are black and yellow, back and head are plain black, throat, breast under part of the body are a bright orange. They also hang their nests on trees. Now what I want to know is, are they the genuine Orioles; also, will some one that knows please tell me how to care for them and what they eat? How do they use bird lime to catch birds?

Will "Annie" tell us sisters what she means when giving directions for bed spread (in May 19) where she said knit 3 round, and where she said turn a seam and repeat. Did she mean to purl or to turn and go back on the needle?—JENNIE.

I am at present a 16-year-old school girl. I suppose the age will not remain the same more than two or three years at the farthest, but the appellation of school girl remains until I have graduated. My parents are too poor to educate me so I must educate myself. Shall I settle down to the uncertain work of "teaching young ideas how to shoot," or shall I not rather seek some good, respectable paying position as clerk, where I can find constant employment until I am able to finish my education?—DIDWDONNE PIERRE.

Will some one tell me when to break down the tops of onions?—AUNT ANN.

Will some lady who is successful in arranging her front hair in large, smooth waves that will look well for several hours, tell how it is done? If crimpers are used, please tell where they can be obtained?—IVA.

Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me the song entitled "Bonaparte's Retreat," and one entitled "Down in Dixie."—LOUIS B. SEARCH, Onarga, Ill.

Will you please answer the following questions:

1. What will remove varnish or whitewash from a silk dress without injuring the color of the fabric?

Will it save a tooth that is partly decayed to have it filled? Can long teeth be made short without injury to the teeth?—CELIA WARD, Locust Grove, O.

1. Rose oil applied with a clean, white cloth, and rubbed briskly until dry.

2. Filling if done in season will usually save a decaying tooth.

3. A tooth cannot be shortened without injury to it.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will some reader of the BLADE in Southern California on the coast, please write me a postal card? We want to spend the Winter down there in some place and would like to find out something about the country.—MRS. W. W. ALLEN, Del Norte, Col.

1. Will some of the ladies tell me if oleander leaves always fall off, if they are not frost-bitten? I have noticed several, and the leaves are off as far as the first branch of leaves, or second.

2. Does smilax ever sprout up after the top is cut off? The leaves all turned yellow and a part fell off. I cut the top off about two inches above ground, and thought it would sprout up, but it has not yet.

3. Must a person take the small bulbs off of a tube rose in the fall or in the spring, and must you put them in the ground?—BRIDAL ROSE.

Answers to Inquiries.

If Miss Mary Giddens will mix 1 teaspoonful of coil oil with the feed, she will find it will cure her chickens of the gaps.—BRIDAL ROSE.

I can send Miss Jennie S. Ritter the song, "I Will Tell You of a Fellow," also S. C. Frankfeather, "Never Court but One."—MISS LIZZIE MCBRIDE, Rubens, Jewell Co., Kan.

"Invalid" complains of taking patent medicines for nine years, and is not dead yet, but still wants more. I know that if "Invalid" will leave off medicine and the use of tobacco, etc., take out of door exercise chew rose leaves, oak and dogwood twigs and leaves of anything that is not poison and swallow the juice, he will not need medicine of any kind. It is the best dyspeptic remedy known. Try it.

"George" wants a recipe for curing dandruff and ringworm. I can say that two thirds of sweet oil and one-third of carbolic acid, mixed well, will cure the worst ringworm. Weak borax water is good for dandruff.

I send THE HOUSEHOLD my plan for catching hawks. It is a sure thing. Cage some chickens in a wire cage. Fix a post near it. Fasten a steel trap on the top of that and set it. You will soon have him fast.—A. CAMPBELL.

Recipes.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING BISCUIT.

Take 1 even qt. of sifted flour, 1 saltspoonful of salt, 2 slightly heaping tablespoonfuls of lard, 1 pt. of cold water, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, 1 teaspoonful, slightly heaped, of cooking soda. These materials should be as cold as possible. If you can, work in a cold room. Sift the salt into the flour and add work in the lard, stir in the cream tartar, dissolve the soda in the water and mix the biscuit. Handle as little as possible. Roll out as soon as it is worked sufficiently smooth, making it about an inch thick and cut into 12 biscuits, place in a well greased pan and bake in a quick oven 20 minutes. Sweet milk is much nicer for wetting than water, but perhaps are more likely to succeed by using water.—HANNAH BRIGHT.

ANOTHER.

Put 1 qt of flour into a sieve with 1 teaspoon just even full of soda, 1 of salt, 1 tablespoonful of white sugar; sift thoroughly all together, then add 1 tablespoonful of lard, wet with ½ pt. of sour milk; handle as little and make as rapidly as possible; bake in a quick oven 15 minutes.—MRS D. C. DAVIS, Harrisonville, Cass County, Mo.

BLACK VARNISH FOR STRAW HATS.

Two oz of gum arabic dissolved in cold water, 1 ozs. extract log wood dissolved in hot water, add ½ teaspoonful of copperas, 1 teaspoonful of brown sugar; mix all together and put on with a brush.

GOOD SOUP.

Put on water for as much soup as you wish to make; peel and slice six large potos, one tablespoonful salt, butter the size of an egg, cupful of new milk, tube spoonful of flour, stirred in half a cup full of milk, to thicken; add three or four onions, just before serving.—MRS. WM. HARRIS.

SPONGE CAKE.

Four eggs, 1 small cup of sugar. Beat together for one half hour; add 1 heaping teacup of sifted flour, and flavor. Bake rather slowly.—MRS W. W. ALLEN.

WHISKY PICKLES.

Aunt Bell asks for a recipe for whisky pickles. I will give my mother's, if she likes real sour pickles: To 1 qt. of water take 1 pt. of whisky. Fill up your jar with pickles, and the mixture of water and whisky. Keep a cloth on the top, which you must wash out every time you put in more pickles. A plate turned over the cloth is enough weight. In six weeks you will have pickles fit for a king.—SELA.

Our Young Folks.

NEXT SUMMER.

BY LAURA LEDYARD.

Beautiful things are coming this way
Nearer and nearer, dear, every day—
Yes, closer and closer, my baby.

Mischievous showers and faint little smells
Of far away flowers in far-away dells
Are coming in April, my baby.

Sly little blossoms that clamber along
Close to the ground till they grow big and strong
Are coming in May, little baby.

Roses and bees and a big yellow moon,
Coming together in beautiful June,
In lovely midsummer, my baby.

Pretty red cherries, and bright little flies,
Twinkling and turning the fields into skies,
Will come in July, little baby.

Feathery clouds and long, still afternoons,
Scarce a leaf stirring, and birdies' soft crooons,
Are coming in August, my baby.

Glimpses of blue through the poppies and wheat,
And one little birthday on fast flying feet,
Will come in September, my baby.

—*Harper's Young People.*

Written for the Blade.

THE BLACK MAN.

BY W. S. FRAZIER.

There may be some little readers of THE BLADE who have not heard of the Black Man, or, having heard of him, would like to know something more about him. There surely are no Badger boys and girls who have not been frightened nearly out of their wits betimes at the very mention of his suggestive name.

Well do I remember how terrified we always were when told that the Black Man would come and carry us off if we were not good children. He had often been pictured to our imaginations as a most frightful object, and we feared him as a deadly foe. It is a wonder he never found his way into the wild and sparsely populated Badaxe region of south western Wisconsin.

He had awful horns—no one could tell how large or long they were—on which he carried off little children who were bad. He had great claws on his feet. In his strong bony hands he carried gigantic spears and ponderous iron chains, the use of which he and his victims only knew.

His black scowling face was like a lowering thunder cloud whose pent up forces are about to burst forth in the fury of conflicting elements.

His eyes were rolling globes of liquid fire from whose gaze no bad little boys or girls could ever hope to hide so well that he could not find them out and take them from their hiding places on his pitiless horns.

Is it any wonder that this frightful monster filled our souls with terror? But there was one redeeming trait about him. He never troubled good children. They need have no fears of him whatever. He would not harm them if he could.

But woe to the bad little child that hired him on by naughty behavior. They never could return to their playmates to tell the story; and who can guess to what tortures they were subjected?

None of us knew any one who had been carried off, but we had heard of them, and that was enough for the boldest among us. Besides, had we not often seen the outlines of his ghostly shadows, in the still dark night, when told he was coming and that he would take us away with him if we were not better behaved?

Then we were 'goody goody' boys and girls, of a certainty, till the fright wore off.

And do you ask what we called this dreaded monster? Well he seemed to have two names—The Bad Man, and The Black Man. He was generally called The Black Man, however, and many were the narrow escapes we had from his fiery clutches as we verily believed.

But his glory is fast declining. The star of his victories and his despotic influence is about setting, never to rise more. The children of to-day are too wise to fear hobgoblins which their better sense tells them can not exist. Some of them are perhaps a little too wise, or too incredulous, for I have heard little children, within a short time, talk as though Santa Claus even, were a myth. Such a charge would have been repelled with great indignation by the little ones, almost without exception a score of years ago.

But, as to the Black Man about whom we have been talking it is entirely useless to censure him for the harm he has done in the world through the causing of useless and senseless terrors in young minds, for that could not possibly benefit any one.

For the real good he has done, and it is considerable, we truly thank him, as we surely ought.

Yes, since we think the wrong more than overbalances the right, we are glad to know that his shadow is constantly growing less, and must soon entirely disappear from the minds of budding youth, except perhaps as the picturing of a lively fancy.

And now my little friends in taking leave of his Sable Majesty, we have only to add, "Peace to his ashes."

MARTY'S CABBAGE CROP.

BY MRS. REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

Bugby was hungry.

Being a boy, he always was hungry; but there were especial reasons, this cold, nipping morning, why his stomach should gnaw so savagely under the tight little jacket. In the first place, the breakfasts and dinners which his mother had given him lately had been growing thinner and smaller until yesterday they dwindled down to one bite of corn bread in the morning and nothing as all through the day.

In the second place it was a holiday week, and who never Bugby went through the village the smell of roasting turkeys, mince-p

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Maintaining the Fertility of Pastures.

Dr. J. B. Lawes, Rothemsted, Eng., presents a detailed account of his experiments on Permanent Pastures, in the first volume of the "Journal of the American Agricultural Association," from which we gather the following:

The complicated nature of pastures, made up, as they generally are, of a number of kinds of grasses, and so called grasses (clover, etc.), and the difficulties in the way of arriving at a perfect knowledge of them is shown by the following observation: "A great many years ago, a very remarkable improvement of some pasture land, in one of our northern counties, was obtained by the application of a rare dressing of bones. The land had always been employed in the production of cheese, for which this county was celebrated. This success induced others to use bones, and people whose land had been impoverished by the continual sale of hay, could not understand why the bones, in their case, produced no effect, not distinguishing the difference in the character of the soil, its exemption due to the sale of cheese, as compared with that caused by the constant removal of hay."

At the close of the detailed statement of the plot experiments Dr. Lawes says: "The results of these experiments make it somewhat doubtful whether hay can be grown profitably by means of artificial manures applied to permanent pastures. With us hay is generally grown near large towns, and the same conveyance which takes it to market, brings back the manure at little or no cost. Compared with the selling price, hay removes more of the soil constituents from the land than most of our other stable products. One hundred pounds of hay will remove nearly as much nitrogen, and much more mineral matter than 100 pounds of wheat. These considerations must all be studied when the question comes as to the profitable application of expensive manures. While, therefore, the evidence is somewhat against the use of artificial manures when hay is grown for sale, it by no means forbids their employment when grass land is used for the production of meat, milk, butter, or cheese." * * *

"If land has been impoverished by the sale of hay, and hay is to be sold, dung is the cheapest manure to apply; but if land so impoverished is intended for the future to produce milk, meat, or other animal products, potash is sure to be wanting, and the best material to apply will be either 200 lbs. of sulphate or muriate of potash, or three times that quantity of kaint salts, and, in addition to which-ever of these substances is selected, 200 lbs. of superphosphate of lime, and from 60 to 80 lbs. of nitrate of soda. If, however, the land has been impoverished merely by feeding stock, then the exhaustion will be more likely due to the absence of nitrogen and phosphate, and fertility must be restored by an application of these substances."

"Quality of pasture is dependent upon the food in the soil; and land under grass there is a constant struggle going on between the various plants which constitute what we call a pasture." * * *

"Having once started a permanent pasture by means of a judicious mixture of artificial manures, the question arises whether it is more economical to keep up the fertility by a fresh application of artificial manures, or by the manure obtained by feeding stock upon the land with food grown in other localities? It is not easy to decide this point. I am, myself, inclined to think that the latter process is the most economical; and in the conversion of arable into pasture land—upon which operation I have been engaged for the last ten years—I have trusted to the fertilizing properties of the manure from cotton cake to enable me to accumulate the stock of fertility which, being exhausted by ages of arable culture, had to be replaced before the land could again become a pasture."

The Army Worm.

The alleged appearance of the Army Worm in the States of New York and New Jersey, has caused alarm among farmers in the localities where it is said to have appeared. It is so much earlier (the middle of May) than it is usual for the insect to take up its march of devastation, that it is most likely that some other caterpillar has been mistaken for it. The newspaper accounts that have thus far appeared are, of course, very indefinite, but so far as can be inferred from the description of their ravages, and the fact that they have thus far injured only garden crops, we doubt if the Army Worm has been seen at all. From the meagre accounts given, they are no doubt one of the several Cutworms, which are never excessively numerous, and may be easily captured. As to the true Army Worm, we gave a year ago—July, 1880—a history of the insect, and engravings, that will allow it to be readily recognized, and those interested are referred to that number. When the "Army" was close at hand last year, on Long Island, various methods of arresting its march and diminishing the numbers were suggested by us, and these and others were tried upon a large scale. But two modes of warfare seemed to be of value. One of these was to make a trench across their line of march and place in this freshly-cut grass. Red top being their favorite food. The grass was sprinkled with water in which Paris Green or London Purple was stirred, precisely as if it were to be applied for Potato-beetles. The second method, and the one preferred to all others, was to prepare the trench and to dig pits or holes every rod or so in the bottom of it. These pits, about a foot square and two feet deep, must have straight, smooth sides. The trench is made by running the plow two or three times in the furrow, and with its straight side next to the field to be protected; it is finished by the use of spades, making the sides towards the field as straight and as smooth as possible. The worms, being checked by the wall of the ditch, wander to find a place of escape, and fall into the pits. When one set of pits is nearly filled with worms, others are dug, using a part of the earth to fill up the first made pits and bury their contents. It is necessary to keep watch of the trench, lest some break may allow the army to pass over it. The worms rest during the night, but as soon as they feel the warmth of the morning they start on their march.—*American Agriculturist.*

Salt and Ashes for Animals.

This subject has been frequently discussed hitherto, especially the use of salt for farm stock. That all domestic animals do better where they are constantly supplied with salt, I am perfectly satisfied, from experience and observation. The only case where salt seems to do injury is where cattle have been long without it, and then on giving them all they are inclined to consume, I am willing to own that it is temporarily injurious, not because the article is of itself bad, but because of taking too much at one dose. The proper way to feed salt is to place it where the stock can go to it as they please, and take what they are inclined to eat. Never mix it with their food, so that they are compelled to take it whether they wish it or not. More and better butter can be made from the milk of a cow when she has her free supply of salt than from one entirely deprived of it, or having an irregular supply, and it also takes less time to churn the cream. Nature requires salt as an aid in preserving health. It assists in digestion, as well as in many other ways, which I need not mention. For cattle at pasture lumps of salt may be laid in a convenient place where a board can be fixed to shelter from the rain, and still allow the stock free access. At the barn the lumps can be placed under the shed, or in some other convenient spot. But oftentimes stock seem to require an alkali as well, and that is most conveniently supplied in wood ashes, which horses, cattle, sheep and swine will greedily devour, when they have an opportunity. These should also be supplied where the stock can have access to them as desired. The ashes should be from good sound wood, and kept dry.

When desirable to keep cattle at pasture, and there is no shed to shelter the ashes and salt, a convenient trough may be fastened between two posts, on top of which are fastened two planks or boards as a roof to shelter from rain. The posts should be long enough so that the trough may be 18 or 20 inches above the ground, and there must be room above, between it and the roof, to allow of free access to the salt or ashes. This answers for all stock except sheep and swine, which can have the troughs lower. I believe that if a constant supply of salt and ashes is provided where all kinds of stock can have access to them, very much less disease would be known among farm stock. I have never known bots, colic, or worms in horses where ashes and salt were thus furnished.—*W. H. Waits, in Country Gentleman.*

Ornamental Hedging.

E. F. Ellwanger, of Rochester, makes the following suggestions about ornamental hedges, in the American Cultivator:

In our cities hedges may occasionally be seen as division lines. They are mostly arbor vitæ, but in winter the color objectionable. When used as a substitute for the many fences that are pulled down, I consider Japan quince (*Pyrus Japonica*) a very appropriate shrub. It can be pruned in any desired form, and its beautiful flowers in May will give any place an inviting appearance. This shrub will answer in front, while a hedge of roses, or some other flowering shrub, would do well between neighbors.

Take, for instance, the beautiful hybrid perpetual roses; out of the many hundreds of varieties many could be selected that would form a really ornamental hedge, while "the girls" would certainly have a good chance to make rose bouquets. A hedge of roses would attract the attention of every one passing by; the whole lawn would have a lively look. But what beyond the rose hedge? Grape vines, I say. Why could not you and your neighbors have a hedge of vines as well as roses? Both the vines and the bushes will stand pruning; both are ornamental and useful.

And here I would remark that in my judgment, in many fine places there is too much space devoted to lawns. I have actually seen places where every tree and shrub were cut down to make a lawn, just because an extensive lawn was the prevailing rage. There stands the house isolated, and all you can see in the background is the post for the clothes line. Now, for a rose hedge you may choose either "John Hopper" or "Gen. Washington," "Madam Laffay" or "Pius IX." or any other. For any ornamental hedge of vines I should take the Delaware grape; its foliage is graceful, and its growth is just rank enough, while it is very hardy. For a wild hedge, on which you do not mean to bestow any care, take the Clinton grape. If you want good grapes at the same time, and wish to keep it trim, Rogers' No. 4, 15, or Salem, are good. I would also recommend the Brighton, with its fresh and beautiful green.

Ensilage—Its "Outs."

"I want to know the *outs* of ensilage," writes a friend in a recent letter. Knowing his way of putting things, we may amplify his point to read thus:

"As in most new things of the kind, those who succeed with their silos are very enthusiastic over the matter; they at first see only the favorable features; whatever drawbacks there may be are overlooked, and without intending it, their accounts are partial. If any have failed altogether they feel too keenly the ridicule of their 'I told you so' neighbors to publish their failure to a larger circle; and hence we hear from only the successful ones. Now what we wish to know is: What are the *disadvantages* of Ensilage? Taut fodder will keep in a silos so long as it is kept closed, I have no doubt. The keeping is but half the battle—how about the speading? Is there no loss of fodder after the silos is opened? If a loss, how much? The fodder when exposed is said to become intensely sour; what is the effect of continued feeding of corn-fodder with vinegar?" These questions and many more must be answered in time, if present experience does not allow it to be done now. The time is at hand when silos, if built at all this year, must be made ready for the crop. If any have found serious defects in the method it is as much their duty to give them as to publish successes. Our own notion is that in some form Ensilage will be largely followed, at least upon dairy farms. What we now need is some modification of the process that will place its advantages within the reach of the farmer who keeps but few cows, and whose dairy operations are but a part of his general farming. Whoever will give us this modification will be a benefactor to our agriculture.—*American Agriculturist.*

What Breed of Pigs to Raise?

It is impossible to answer the question "which is the most profitable breed of pigs for a farmer to raise?" Very much depends upon the system of management, nearness to market, individual taste or fancy, etc. But there are some general facts which should be understood in deciding what kind of pig to grow in any particular case. Pig farming may be profitable or a source of loss. A few pigs of almost any breed, can be grown on a dry farm with profit; but when the number is increased, the piggery may become an expense. It is clearly determined by a long experience that pig pork is the pork that pays. Young hogs marketed when a year old are much more profitable than older ones. This being true—and it is especially so in the older States—a breed should be selected that matures early and fattens quickly. The best pig has the least amount of offal in dressing; is compact in its parts, and its flesh is of the very best quality. Of such are the Essex and Suffolk, and some other allied "small breeds." One can go further and far worse" than to select the Essex for the piggery that is to make profitable returns. There is some prejudice against black pigs, but it should be remembered that the color is less than skin deep, and the blackest pig makes as white dressed pork as any other. There is money in pigs if a good breed is chosen and properly managed. The value of full blooded pigs over the "grade" is strikingly shown when a pair of the former is taken into a neighborhood where only the "common hog" was before. In a few years the whole country round about has had its swine improved, and its pork interests greatly enhanced. Grow young pigs rapidly and market them as pigs rather than keep them until they are old hogs. Pig pork pays.—*American Agriculturist.*

Loss of Horn.

A writer in the New York Times says that when a horn has been broken by violence, and the shell is removed without injury to the core, the latter may be covered with tar and wrapped in a bandage. The core is very sensitive at first to contact with the air, and will bleed profusely if broken, it is well supplied with blood-vessels. But the bleeding will soon stop after the tar and the bandage have been applied. The core soon becomes hard and horny on the surface again, but the horn will never be as good as it was before the injury.

Not This Eve.

Syracuse Times.

Adam never dared to use the silly slang, "Some other Eve."

Prof. Horsford's Baking Powder.

Baron Liebig, the eminent German Chemist, said: "The Baking Powder of Prof. Horsford, I hold to be one of the weightiest and most beneficent inventions which has been made in recent times."

HOW TO GET RICH.

Better Than Gold or Silver Mines, or Waiting for Dead Men's Shoes.

The Inter-Ocean's Correspondent in Kansas Tells How Money is Made Out There—The Wonderful Profits in Stock-raising Realized from Small Investments—How to Get Land, on Long Credit, and Cover It with Cattle and Sheep.

Special Correspondence of the Inter-Ocean.

RUSSELL, Kan., June 15.—I have been studying the cattle and sheep interests of Central and Western Kansas along the Union Pacific Railway since the date of my last, and the realizations reached from a careful review of these two great and constantly increasing industries lead to but one conclusion—that stock-raising and wool-growing are the most profitable business in the West to-day in the district referred to, and promises to become more so in the immediate future. As stated in a previous letter, there is not a single instance on record of a failure in either of these vocations in this region, where prudence, energy and system have been the essential features of the undertaking. When it is considered that for countless centuries these prairies have been a vast pasturage for infinite numbers of buffalo, antelope, and other ruminants, they must, of necessity, comprehend the most favorable conditions for stock-raising, among which are

CONDITIONS FAVORABLE FOR STOCK.

1. The natural grasses, of which there are several varieties, the most nutritious comprising the succulent blue stem of the creek and river bottoms, and the prevailing so-called "buffalo grass" of the rich uplands. This latter variety is the most nutritive of all, and possesses characteristics favorable to pasturage unknown to all others, and which give to the region in which in which it predominates advantages in stock-raising and wool-growing that no country in which it is absent can compete with.

2. No fences are required, and a man and horse can take care of a large herd of either cattle or sheep at a comparatively trifling expense.

3. The element of risk attending farming is largely diminished by undertaking stock-raising at the same time.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

Money can be made by adopting either of two methods or systems offered here in this branch of agriculture, and is governed, or should be, by the amount of capital that can be commanded. The first is by raising your stock, in its literal sense, and the other by purchasing half grown or full-grown animals, and keeping them until fit for market.

The former plan requires less capital, can be better carried on in connection with agriculture, and the profits are relatively as great. There are hundreds now on the road to competency, who purchased land on long credit from the Union Pacific Railway in the Central and Western portions of the State, who in connection with their farming operation, are stock-raisers, and are owners of from 50 to 200 head of cattle, large and small.

PROFITABLE BUSINESS.

Some are turning into market each Fall from $1,500 to $3,000 worth of fat steers, are the possessors of from 200 to 640 acres of land and comfortable homes, are worth from $5,000 to $10,000—I mean their financial possessions are worth that—and all the outgrowth of an investment of from $1,000 to $2,000 six or seven years ago.

In addition to all this, it must not be forgotten that their houses, teams, implements and all the appointments of their surroundings, together with their land, have been paid for during that time, and that their families, in most instances large, have all lived coolly, and the children been educated.

PURCHASING RAILWAY LAND.

The land in the majority of these cases was originally purchased from the railways on six or eleven years' credit, or additions made to the Government homestead by the purchase of contiguous railway land. I regard this connection of stock-raising with farming as the surest and most profitable business for men of limited capital. He who tries it cannot fail if he combines energy, prudence and good judgment in his undertaking.

These possibilities are now limited to our inter-continental districts, on account of the high price of land elsewhere and the easy terms of procuring a sufficient area to commence operations profitably here. Elsewhere all the capital would be exhausted, by the person of limited means, in the purchase of the land alone, leaving nothing to build a house, procure the necessary teams, implements, and cows, as a plan to operate on.

LONG CREDIT SECURED.

Here on the line of the Union Pacific in Kansas, through a liberal policy, the land may be procured on a long credit and at a low rate of interest, so that a party with $1,000 or $1,500 even, as the chances open to him to reach a condition of perfect ease in a few years, by unremitting industry and economy.

It is surprising what can be realized in a few years from, say, 12 cows, and the man who can command the small amount of capital I have mentioned above, may fix himself and family comfortably, and have means enough left at his disposal to purchase that number of cows with calves at their side; what the chances are of profit I leave the farmers who may see this letter to calculate; let them take a basis of seven years to work upon.

ABOUT HOG CULTURE.

During this period the ubiquitous pig comes in and can be made to pay all the living of a small family, for with stock-raising this animal is inseparable.

I met a young man while making a tour through Ellsworth and Russell Counties, last week, and we naturally fell into conversation in relation to the possibilities of the portion of the State for a young man of small capital. He stated to me that at the time of the panic in 1873, he was engaged in mercantile pursuits, as a clerk in Boston; the panic caused him to lose his situation, and he vainly endeavored to procure another. He had amassed about $3,500—partly from the savings of his salary through a series of years, and a small inheritance from an uncle. He had despaired at last from getting a clerkship in his native City, and one day while looking over the papers in search of something to better his fortune, was attracted by an advertisement in relation to Kansas Pacific lands—now Union Pacific—so much so that he determined to make a trip to this region.

IN THE SHEEP BUSINESS.

Here he was induced to go into the sheep business. He bought some railway land on time between the Saline River and the Smoky Hill, purchased 500 ewes, 15 rams; put up some cheaply constructed sheds, pulled off his coat, and, with the assistance of a boy he hired, went to work. He expended about $3,000 in cash, in all; to-day his land is all paid for, and he is worth $10,000 or $14,000 clear of the world. His wool clip increased from six hundred odd dollars in 1874 to over $4,000 in 1878, and this year it is much greater. This is not an exceptional case, and I think statistics will bear out the statement.

HOW A YOUNG MAN GOT RICH.

Here was a young man, who, ignorant of the business, a mere tyro, grew rich inside of eight years, and is growing richer. It shows what the chances must be in this direction—how profitable sheep-raising and wool-growing must be to those who understand the business, when even to the most ignorant, as this man admitted himself to be at the time of his adventure, resulted such large profits.

If he had had a thorough knowledge of the business when he commenced, as he said himself, his wealth would have been computed at nearer $25,000 now instead of at the figures he placed it.

THE GREAT SECRET.

The great secret of results here in Kansas, both as affects wool-growing and stock-raising, is one of climate—mild Winters and less feeding. In the Eastern and more Northern States, it has been said, and with a remarkable degree of truth, too, "that the pitchfork had to be handled by the farmers about nine months in the year."

In the Summer the new-mown hay has to be spread, turned, put into cocks, and loaded and unloaded into stacks and mows, and during the six months of Winter fed to the cattle. Here the exact reverse is nearly true; many Winters in Kansas cattle take care of themselves absolutely, so far as feed is concerned, the range offering as much nourishment as the best mows in New England. With this one fact alone, and the cheapness of land, Kansas need never fear her rivals in the two constantly increasing and profitable

INDUSTRY OF STOCK-RAISING

and wool-growing. This year will be the grandest realization to Kansas, particularly her cultivated central and western portions. There can be no wheat fields of greater promise elsewhere. The harvest time is at hand, and the "golden belt" will ring true to every test of its metal.

The farmers in Ellsworth, Russell, Trego and Gove Counties, are in ecstacies over their wheat fields, now changing from emerald into the golden hue, and, especially so, when they read of the short crop in other States, where it was so seriously damaged by the severe Winter. They expect higher prices on this account. It is the boast of many of these farmers that their fields will run 30, 35 and 40 bushels to the acre. The Counties named, with others adjoining, comprise the noted limestone and gypsum regions of the State.

MILLIONS OF BONDS.

Where They Are Held—Who Holds Them—The Entire Debt Owned by Less than 100,000 Persons.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—R. P. Porter, of Chicago, Special Agent of the Census, in an interview gives full details as to the ownership of the United States bonds:

"I understand the work of ascertaining the ownership of the National debt is completed," said the correspondent.

"So far as it relates to the registered bonds, I may say," replied Mr. Porter, "that it is. We experienced but little difficulty in locating exactly the number of holders, and the amounts held, not only abroad and at home, but in every State and the principal Cities of the country. The names of the holders are all entered in the books of the Treasury, and it was an easy matter to have them drawn off and arranged according to the census classification."

"How are the registered bonds distributed?"

"In the absence of exact figures I should say that the New England States own about 11 per cent. of them, the Middle States about 43 per cent, the Southern States a trifle over two per cent., and the Western States nearly 8½ per cent., while the banks, insurance companies, and other corporations, own about 35½ per cent."

"How does the number of bondholders compare with the amount held in the various sections?"

"It differs considerably in different localities. For example, I find in New York State, although the amount of registered bonds owned there is nearly $210,000,000, out of some $850,000,000 included in this investigation, there are less than 15,000 holders. On the other hand, Massachusetts, with but little over $40,000,000 of bonds, boasts over 17,000 holders."

"Do you consider the debt of the United States a popular loan?"

"So far as this investigation shows, I must say I do not. In my opinion the debt is owned by less than 100,000 persons. Over 25 per cent. is held by banks and other corporations, and it is probable that 1,500 persons own over $110,000,000 of the registered bonds. This aggregate is held in amounts exceeding $50,000. On inquiry as to number of holders who own bonds in amounts less than $500 we find that 25,500 persons own in the aggregate not more than $7,500,000, an amount for every 25,000 persons which aggregates one seventh of that reported to be held by a single bondholder. It must be remembered that many of the banks hold considerable sums in small amounts in trust for the people. Therefore the 100,000 do not fairly represent the bondholders in the country."

"How will you ascertain the distribution of the coupon bonds?"

"It will be impossible to do this exactly. I have just returned from New York, where I made arrangements which I think will prove successful for the convenience of the Sub-Treasury. The large bankers and brokers make out every quarter for the 4, 4½ and 5 per cent. bonds, and every six months for the 6 per cent. bonds, what is called a coupon schedule, which is in fact a list of the amount of coupons forwarded to the respective bankers for collection. This list is entered in the Sub-Treasury book with the name of the firm, and in a few days the cash is sent to the bank. In this way I am enabled to ascertain the exact amount of coupons paid for any quarterly or semi annual dividend of interest, and the name of the firm from which the coupons were received. If we once know where they come from it is an easy matter to locate the amount of the debt, the quarterly interest on the 4 per cents. representing 1 per cent. of the capital; of the 4½s, 1¼ per cent. of the capital; of the 5 per cents, 1¼, and of the 6 per cents. (the interest being payable semi annually) 3 per cent. of the capital. Of the $519,796,000 worth of coupon bonds outstanding last August, probably the coupons of $100,000,000 of them were returned for payment to the sub treasury of New York, and 20 of the leading firms, such as August Belmont, Von Hoffman, and others presented not less than three-fourths of them. This office having ascertained the exact amount of the different species of bonds presented by these firms, we shall, by their co operation, be able to ascertain the respective amounts forwarded to them from their correspondents abroad, the amounts of domestic, and also in some cases the distribution in sections of our own country. We can, however, in the event of failure to ascertain the bona fide distribution, base the latentation on the known distribution of the registered bonds, and it is not probable that the coupon bonds will differ greatly from the registered, excepting that we may expect to find 10 or 15 per cent. more proportionately in the larger cities of the country."

THE NUTMEG STATE

Now Producing Gold in Paying Quantities.

NORWICH, Conn., June 28.—The recent discovery of gold in the town of Ashfeld, Windham County, has caused much interest among speculators in Eastern Connecticut. A short time ago Mr. Darious Barlow, a farmer of Ashford, purchased 40 acres of ledge land of C. L. Dean, which was supposed to be comparatively worthless. Two local prospectors, imaginative fellows—Steve Lewis and one Huntley—had conceived the idea that a large amount of gold was imbedded in the flinty ledges, and they acquired an interest in the land. They carried on prospecting operations quietly, and apparently struck a rich deposit of gold. Specimens of the gold-bearing rock were sent to a mining company in New York City, who assayed them at the rate of $18 to $27 a ton. The company was desirous of investigating further, and directed the Connecticut prospectors to send 300 pounds more of the specimens, saying that if the rock would assay $30 a ton they would put $10,000 into the working of the mine, and send 100 men to begin operations at once. The 300 pounds were shipped to New York on Wednesday last. The assay is not yet completed. The last batch is said to be much richer in gold than the first.

Affairs in the Choctaw Nation.

ST. LOUIS, July 1.—The Republican's Fort Smith special says affairs in the Choctaw Nation are still unsettled. Gov. McCurtain has issued a proclamation announcing his intention to enforce the law at all hazards, but proposing that persons who are on land in the Nation may continue to cultivate till the end of this year, free of the permit tax, provided they will surrender said lands and enter into a contract with the Choctaw authorities to pay the usual rent, and if this is not done the Governor says he will not be responsible for the consequences. The proclamation is expected to increase the irritation now existing on the subject of ejectment. The whites, however, regard Sec. Kirkwood's late decision as final, and will leave the country before August 1st, but it is feared not without attempting to avenge real or fancied wrongs.

A London dispatch says that at the banquet given Parnell in honor of his 35th birthday, Parnell stated that though the Irish party had now to struggle with many difficulties he hoped the day was not far distant when they would meet in College Green as an Irish Parliament, and Ireland would have no masters but the will of the majority of the Irish people.

WASHINGTON.

The Star Route Ring—Interview with Brady's Counsel.

Effect of a Decision by Judge Matthews—General News.

COMET FIGURING.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—The comet is estimated at the Naval Observatory to be now about 30,000,000 miles from the earth. Its nucleus is 700 miles in diameter, and the envelope about the nucleus 200,000 in diameter. The tail is calculated to be 5,000,000 miles in length. The fact that its orbit lies within the orbit of the earth explains the apparent paradox of its receding from the earth while approaching the sun. On the 20th of June last it came nearest the earth, being then about 10,000,000 miles away, and some astronomers think it probable that the earth then passed through the tail of the comet.

THE STAR ROUTE RING.

The discussion of the question as to whether or not the President will make a change in the Department of Justice continues to be the sensation of the hour. The friends of the Attorney General say that the story is a mere fiction started by the star-route ring. They allege that, so far as Gen. Garfield is concerned, he has no more idea of requesting the resignation of any of the members of his Cabinet than he has of departure from the Executive Mansion himself.

The Attorney General's friends argue that as the President does not regard either Mr. James or Mr. MacVeagh with any other than the kindly feeling which he has for both, it would be impossible for him to request their resignations at this time. The President, the Attorney-General, and the Postmaster General are jointly engaged in a great work of purification to which the attention of the public has been attracted. To stop short of a complete investigation of the frauds which have been committed, and the punishment of the offenders would be an act of political madness. There is no disposition, however, anywhere in the Administration to cry a halt, and the prosecution of the star-route thieves will not be abated until they either escape justice or are lodged in the Penitentiary.

The chief argument which has been used with the President to induce him to put a stop to the prosecutions is that the Republican party will suffer if its offending members are brought to trial. This argument has no weight with Pres. Garfield. He believes that the party will gain more in the estimation of honest men by the punishment of faithless servants than it will lose by disturbing the peace of mind of a few prominent contributors to the campaign fund.

A CLAIM ARISING UNDER THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—The French and American Claim Commissioner rendered a decision to-day in the case of Aglae Aubrey vs. the United States. The claimant, a colored woman, was born in January, 1803, in the Territory of Louisiana, then a French colony. April 30, 1803 the territory was ceded to the United States. Counsel for the claimant contended that at the time of cession the claimant was a French subject and as under the Constitution of the United States a colored person could not become a citizen of the United States she remained a citizen of France and as such was entitled to sue the United States before the Commission. A claim was filed for $10,000 damages for loss of property, etc. The Court decided that there is nothing in the treaty of cession to indicate it was the intention either of France or the United States that the inhabitants or any of them were to remain citizens of France. On the contrary that it was intended they should be citizens of the United States. The claim was therefore disallowed. The decision in this case will hold in all similar cases where the claimants were colored persons and citizens of France at the time of the cession of the territory of Louisiana.

INSTRUCTIONS

were mailed to-day from the Indian office to Indian Agent Tufts at Muscogee, Indian Territory, directing him how to proceed in the settlement of troubles growing out of threatened enforcement of Choctaw and Chickasaw Local Permit Laws. Agent Tufts is directed in conformity with the decision of the Attorney General to give notice to all parties interested that a reasonable time—say 20 days from July 1—will be allowed within which they can make arrangements to comply with the Choctaw and Chickasaw Permit Laws, or leave the country. Such as refuse or neglect within that period to take out necessary permits, and who do not come within the excepted classes mentioned in the Attorney General's opinion, will be removed from the limits of the Indian country, using for this purpose such police force as the Agent has at his disposal. Should the police force prove insufficient he is directed to report the fact to the Department, in which event assistance of the military will be given.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

Mr. Sherman, who was nominated for Governor of Iowa, is a brother of Gen. and Sen. Sherman.

The appointment of ex-Gov. Davis to be Collector of Customs at Bangor, Me., is said to give great offense to New England people.

Rep. Robeson, of New Jersey, is here now with an eye on the Speakership of the next House. Other candidates will be here in a few days.

There are five vacancies in the retired list of the army. Two it is stated will be filled in a short time by the retirement of Col. Pinkney Lugenbeel, Fifth Infantry, and Col. J. F. Dent, First Artillery.

The President of the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad, notified Treasurer Gilfillan to day that $391,000, due from the road on account of the Indian Trust Fund, will be paid in New York the 1st proximo.

Numerous changes in subordinate Clerkships and places in the Postoffice and Interior Departments were made yesterday, and rumors of more changes yet to be made keep the Clerks in a state of constant anxiety.

Register Bruce, of the Treasury, has received a telegram from Mississippi stating the Republicans and Greenbackers of that State had failed to make a coalition and would not put tickets in the field, but will let the election go by default.

Stephen Franklin, of Philadelphia, testified to day before Examiner Lovejoy that Emil Giro, the chief witness against Mrs. Christiancy, was a man of disreputable character whose performances had been the subject of an illustrated article in the police papers of New York in 1879.

A letter received at the Dead Letter office was from Germany and addressed in German: "Herr Garfield, President of the Union, Washington, Virginia." The letter was held a month by the Postmaster at Washington, Rappahannock County, Va., then advertised and afterward sent to the Dead Letter office here.

In the annual report of last year, Internal Revenue Commissioner Raum estimated the revenue receipts for the fiscal year closed to day, at $135,000,000. The figures of the receipts footed up so far show $134,704,166, with about $188,000 to be added. The increase in receipts over last year is over $11,000,000.

Too Sensitive to Live.

QUINCY, Ill., June 30.—Shortly after noon yesterday the wife of Charles Barth, a molder, living on South Sixth street, hanged herself in her cellar. It appears that her husband came home to dinner, and not finding it ready, upbraided his wife and left. On returning some time afterward he found his wife missing, and a search revealed her body hanging in the cellar. Life was extinct. She had fastened a rope to the joist and around her neck. She then kicked the chair on which she stood from under her. She leaves several small children.

TOMMY TAKES A TUMBLE

And Authorizes His Next Friend to Withdraw His Name.

A Strange Woman the Cause of the Ex-Senator's Downfall.

Sen. Sessions Indicted—A Packed Jury and a Packed Court.

SESSIONS INDICTED.

ALBANY, June 28.—An indictment for bribery has been found against Sen. Sessions. He is held in $3,000 bail.

Sessions, accompanied by counsel, entered the Court of Sessions this afternoon. Sessions said he understood he was indicted for bribery and wanted to surrender himself and enter bail. Through his counsel he pleaded not guilty, reserving the right to alter or withdraw the plea in future. Counsel, on behalf of defendant, demanded an immediate trial. The District Attorney demurred on the ground that he was not ready, and had other cases to dispose of; besides, he said, this was not a case for immediate trial. Judge Van Alstyne remarked something about this being wanted as a record. Smith, of counsel, denounced the action of the District Attorney. Judge Van Alstyne explained that the District Attorney wanted to correct the record.

Smith still demanded an immediate trial to demonstrate the truth or falsity of the charge made. Finally bail was fixed at $3 000, Sen. Sessions to appear from day to day. It is understood the case will not be tried this term. The indictment of Sen. Sessions is strongly denounced by the Half Breeds, who charge the action of the Grand Jury is the result of a conspiracy.

MORE INDICTMENTS.

ALBANY, June 30.—The grand jury brought in an indictment against A. D. Barber, this morning, in paying E. R. Phelps $12,500 for the purpose of bribing State officers, and he was admitted to bail in the sum of $3,000, after pleading not guilty.

E. R. Phelps was also arraigned on a similar charge, and admitted to bail in $3,000. He also plead not guilty.

Charles A. Edwards was also indicted for receiving from Joseph Dickson $7,000 for the purpose of bribing State officers. All cases were held over till next term of Court.

SPIES AND DETECTIVES.

Pinkerton's men are here in force. They appear to be in the pay of both factions. Senators and Assemblymen complain of being dogged nightly to their apartments. Detectives flit through the halls of the hotels and hang about the capitol in various disguises. Two were recognized by a Senator as having been employed in a murder trial in his County. Four were spotted in one day at the Kenmore. Certain it is their employment has embittered the feeling between the factions until the possibility of agreement on candidates has apparently been precluded.

PLATT, THE NAUGHTY MAN.

Last evening a ball boy in the Delevan reported suspicious conduct of ex-Sen. Platt with a strange lady, who arrived during the afternoon and was assigned to room 113. The report was made to Sen. Woodin, one of the Half breed leaders, and a plan was at once laid to secure information. Rooms 106 and 107, opposite 113, were hired, and occupied in the dark by some of those in the secret. Platt was seen to enter room 113 at 10:58. Not long afterwards those in waiting secured a step ladder, and removing their boots looked through the closed transom and saw both parties *en dishabille*.

Platt remained in the room till after 2 A. M., and on proceeding to his room was obliged to pass rooms 106 and 107, occupied as above stated, as well as rooms 78 and 79, occupied by the Democratic Senators, and room 80, occupied by outside parties. Something like 15 persons saw the fugitive as he thus passed through the corridors. Within half an hour Platt proceeded to Conkling's room, held a conference in regard to the matter, and it was agreed to call it a conspiracy against Platt. The strange lady remained in the room until noon, when she was taken to a carriage and driven rapidly away. The effect upon Platt's canvass is disastrous, and the probabilities are that he will not be a candidate much longer.

NEW YORK, July 1.—The Sun's Albany special says: "With the shrinking of interest in the political contest, members have fallen back on a personal scandal. Yesterday prominent Half-breeds glibly retailed the particulars of an alleged escapade last night on the part of a prominent Senatorial candidate, (not Roscoe Conkling) involving family honor. The Stalwarts assert the allegation arises from a concerted plot to smirch the character of one of their number. Their assertions are grounded on the fact that the alleged eye witnesses are all Half-breeds. The Half-breed report of the escapade spread through the city like wild fire. It has given rise to much indignation. Prominent Half-breeds themselves consider it untrue, and there is no pretence that there will be a judicial investigation."

A WOMAN'S ADVENTURES.

Twice Married, Widowed and Deserted.

NEW YORK, July 1.—A woman giving her name as Elizabeth Francis, a native of Glamorganshire, Wales, and 43 years of age, appeared at the Newark First Police Station yesterday and stated that the night before she had been waylaid in a lonesome street in the Twelfth Ward by some strange man and assaulted in a brutal manner. The police are on the lookout for her alleged assailant, and she is held as a witness in case he is arrested. The woman, who is rather prepossessing, of dark complexion and good features, tells a story which is strange and somewhat romantic. She says that 22 years ago, in Abercarn, Wales, she married a man named Charles Francis. Just before the breaking out of the American war Francis and some other men of the place went on a drunken spree and finally left for the United States. The next she heard of him was that he was killed at the battle of Chancellorsville. She had meanwhile become satisfied that he had left her for good, and she married a second time, her husband being one Thomas Nast, a Welshman. By him she had two sons. Four years ago these sons and their father were killed by a colliery explosion in Wales. A year ago she came to this country, and was employed as a cook in a boarding house on Greenwich street, this City. On Thursday last who should come into the place but her first husband, who was supposed to be killed. A dramatic scene followed. Then it was rumored that Francis had a wife and seven children. He stoutly denied this. The woman believed him, and went with him to Newark. There he deserted her, and at night, while wandering about, she was waylaid, she says. She tells her story in a straightforward and truthful manner.

The McPherson Statue.

CLYDE, O., June 29.—Gen. Buckland, one of the Committee on Invitations to the ceremony of unveiling the McPherson statue, to take place on the 22d of July, has received a letter from Gen. Grant, saying that he will be present on that occasion. Letters of acceptance have also been received from Generals Sherman, Force, Leggett, Kennedy, Hickenlooper, Young, Harrison, Strong, Gov. Foster and a host of other distinguished personages, military and civil, all of whom have promised to be present on that occasion to do honor to the memory of that heroic officer.

The various committees having charge of the arrangements for the occasion report everything in perfect order and in excellent shape for that grand event.

During the storm of Friday night fire destroyed a row of business houses at Alexandria, Iowa, the loss being $32,000.

THE STRAIGHT-OUTS.

Virginia Readjusters Laid Out and Lewis Deposed.

A Colored Straight-Out Now Chairman of the Committee.

Another Convention to be Held—Readjusters Denied Representation.

RICHMOND, June 28.—The Republican State Central Committee met here at noon to-day, pursuant to call of John F. Lewis, Chairman. The full Committee was present in person or by proxy.

Lewis, taking the chair, said it had been his intention to resign the Chairmanship at the meeting which he had called for the 21st inst.; that circumstances compelled him to postpone the time of that meeting until to-day, and that he regarded the action of the meeting held on the 21st in deposing him illegal.

Gen. Wickham, Congressmen Jorgenson and Dezendorf and others who participated in the meeting of the 21st, were present and made no objection to Lewis proceeding. Subsequently Lewis called to the Chair State Senator Early, who favors a coalition with the Readjusters.

Clarke, of Fairfax, offered a resolution requesting both Lewis and Gen. Wickham to resign and providing for the appointment of a Committee of Conference to recommend a new Chairman, and other matters for the consideration of the Committee. The resolution was finally adopted and a recess taken.

Upon reassembling the Conference Committee reported they could not agree. Clarke, of Fairfax, who had acted during the day with the Straightouts, offered a resolution as a substitute for the disagreeing report, providing that Wickham and Lewis should relinquish their claims to the Chairmanship and neither be elected Chairman, but that some other member of the Committee should be selected; and further, that a Convention be held in Lynchburg on the 10th of August, to which Convention no person should be eligible as delegate who had participated in the recent Readjuster Convention. The substitute was adopted—ayes, 14; nays, 13.

Joseph Jorgenson was called to the chair, Lewis retiring to the floor.

Clarke and J. W. Cochran (colored) were

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

Archbishop Croke has visited Dillon in prison.

Work has been commenced on the Cleveland stock yards.

Of the 2 594 vessels that passed through the Suez Canal last year not one bore the American flag.

Sir Samuel Baker is in San Francisco getting ready for a hunting trip to the Rocky Mountains.

Miss Ida Iveson, a teacher of Wheeling, W. Va., has fallen heir to a Scotch fortune of $2,500 000.

The most noted Chinese opium den in San Francisco is owned by a retired American missionary to China.

All those condemned for participation in the murder of Sultan Abdul Aziz have given notice of appeal.

The San Francisco Chronicle says that city is poorer to day by nearly $32,000,000 than it was two years ago.

Ex-Congressman J. Allen Barber of Wisconsin, died yesterday. He served in Congress from 1872 to 1876.

Joseph Kline is on trial at Canton, O., for poisoning his father for the purpose of obtaining possession of property.

Peter Cooper has decided to open schools of instruction in type-writing and phonography in Cooper institute, New York, at a cost of $25,000.

A company has been organized in Nebraska to build a road from Lincoln to Fremont, to be used by the Union Pacific, Sioux City, and Minneapolis lines.

A process server named McAuliffe was shot dead at his residence near Castle Island, County Kerry. He recently gave evidence against the President of the local Land League.

A special committee of the Boston Council, after duly considering the subject, recommends the immediate expenditure of $1,500,000 in the erection of a system of public parks.

The Government and the London & Brighton Railway Company each offer £100 reward for the apprehension of the murderer of Gould. The police believe Letroy is hiding in London.

The Winter-wheat crop of Missouri, which is nearly all in shock, is reported at less than two thirds of last year. North of the Missouri river the chinch-bug and fly were active destroyers.

Thirty persons have been arrested at Prague in connection with the disturbance between German students and Czechs. The authorities have taken energetic measures to preserve order.

At the penitentiary of St. Vincent de Paul, near Montreal, Thomas Salter was stabbed to the heart by a fellow-convict named Everett, who instantly put the knife to his own throat, making a deadly gash.

Ex-Gov. Pinchback, of Louisiana, says it is not true that he recently lost $1,700 on a queen full against four deuces. He says he don't play to lose and when he bets that amount it is on four kings and an ace.

"Gen. Beauregard," the vicious horse which recently killed two grooms in New York and has lately been in danger of starvation because no one dared to attend him, was on yesterday shot in his stall as an unsafe beast.

Intelligence is received of a tornado in Humboldt and Calhoun Counties, Ia. At Manson nearly every house in the City was injured. The new M. E. Church was demolished, and a young woman, six miles from Fraser, killed by a flying board.

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The Public Debt Statement.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—The following is the public debt statement for the month of June, 1881:

Six per cent. bonds	$136,978,600
Five per cent. bonds	709,811,500
Four and one-half per cent. bonds	250,000,000
Four per cent. bonds	738,670,000
Refunding certificates	6 8,800
Navy pension fund	14,000,000
Total coin bonds	$1,850,067,700
Matured debt	6,753,805
Legal tenders	346,741,204
Certificates of deposit	1,160,000
Gold and silver certificates	56,940,459
Fractional currency	7,100,315
Total without interest	$ 422,721,984
Total debt	$2,093,813,510
Total interest	$ 23,918,657
Total cash in Treasury	249,395,145
Debt, less cash in Treasury	1,847,918,364
Decrease during June	17,343,211
Decrease since June 30, 1880	101,578,484
Interest due and unpaid	$3,137,541
Debt on which interest has ceased	6,753,805
Interest thereon	1,076,916
Gold and silver certificates deposit	56,940,459
United States notes held for redemption of certificates of deposit	15,995,000
Cash balance available June 1, '81	170,910,918
Total	$ 2,093,813 15
Available assets—	
Cash in Treasury	$249,395,145
Bonds issued to Pacific R. R. Co. interest payable in lawful money, principal outstanding	$64,623,512
Interest accrued and not yet paid	1,600
Interest paid by the U. S	63,855,000
Interest repaid by companies by transportation service	24,124,105
By cash payments, 5 per cent. of net earnings	654,176
Balance of interest paid by United States	$40,117,321

The Kansas Liquor Law.

LEAVENWORTH, July 2.—Three saloon keepers of this City were arrested under the State prohibitory law here upon information filed by one Frank J. Sibley, of Lawrence, and a number of prominent citizens subpœnaed as witnesses. One, a well-known attorney, finding the informant in the temperance reading room among a crowd of ladies, walked into the room and gave him a sound thrashing. There is strong talk of lynching Sibley among the members of the saloon league.

Mayor Kalloch says he will not run for office again.

A monument to the late Sen. Carpenter is to go up in Wisconsin.

The Comtesse de Chambord has just presented $2,000 to the Pope.

Sixty thousand immigrants landed at Castle Garden during the month of June.

Henry P. McGrath, who died at Long Branch from the effects of an overdose of morphine, began his turf career in 1848.

Clarkson N. Potter, of New York, who is receiving the Democratic vote for Senator at Albany, is sight-seeing in California.

Hiram Warner, formerly Chief Justice of Georgia, died at Atlanta, after a long illness. He was born in Williamsburg, Miss., in 1802.

The mammoth pigeon shoot at New York, which failed to attract the public, cost $20 000. An outlay of 60 cents each was made for birds.

It is probable that Count Herbert Bismarck, elder son of Prince Bismarck, will shortly be attached to the German legation at Washington.

The Hungarian elections are virtually ended. The Government obtained 215 seats in the Diet, against 161 distributed between three other parties.

Peter Cooper has decided to open schools of instruction in type-writing and phonography in Cooper institute, New York, at a cost of $25,000.

A company has been organized in Nebraska to build a road from Lincoln to Fremont, to be used by the Union Pacific, Sioux City, and Minneapolis lines.

A process server named McAuliffe was shot dead at his residence near Castle Island, County Kerry. He recently gave evidence against the President of the local Land League.

A special committee of the Boston Council, after duly considering the subject, recommends the immediate expenditure of $1,500,000 in the erection of a system of public parks.

The Government and the London & Brighton Railway Company each offer £100 reward for the apprehension of the murderer of Gould. The police believe Letroy is hiding in London.

The Winter-wheat crop of Missouri, which is nearly all in shock, is reported at less than two thirds of last year. North of the Missouri river the chinch-bug and fly were active destroyers.

Thirty persons have been arrested at Prague in connection with the disturbance between German students and Czechs. The authorities have taken energetic measures to preserve order.

At the penitentiary of St. Vincent de Paul, near Montreal, Thomas Salter was stabbed to the heart by a fellow-convict named Everett, who instantly put the knife to his own throat, making a deadly gash.

Ex-Gov. Pinchback, of Louisiana, says it is not true that he recently lost $1,700 on a queen full against four deuces. He says he don't play to lose and when he bets that amount it is on four kings and an ace.

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FEELING IN EUROPE.

Utterances by Leading Journals and Statesmen.

LONDON, July 4.—The Lord Mayor on taking his seat at the Mansion House to day, gave expression to a strong sense of the sympathy of the citizens of London for the distress occasioned by the attempt on Garfield's life. Among the persons who inquired at the American Legation to day, regarding the condition of the President, have been the Lord Mayor of London, Dean Stanley, Sir A. T. Galt, the Canadian Minister Resident in England, on behalf of the Canadian Government; Judge Peabody, New York; Sir John A. McDonald, Canadian Premier; Messrs. McCullough and Barrett, American actors, and the Lord Provost of Edinburg.

The Pall Mall Gazette, in a leading article this evening, says: "The indignation which is universal wherever the English tongue is spoken, the eager interest and sympathy are all intensified by the feeling that the victim of the assassin is separated by no wide gulf of rank from the people over whom he ruled." The writer blames the unmeasured invective of the Conkling newspapers, which he says acted on a disordered imagination, possibly already impressed by the example of a recent assassination. Apart from the immediate bearings of the attempt on American politics the effect of the crime will not be altogether evil. It will diminish the political significance of assassination throughout the world by the execration it has provoked and will to some extent counteract the mischief caused by the sympathy expressed by some parties with other assassins, and by the sympathy it has excited will tend to knit together the composite population of the United States.

The St. James Gazette this afternoon says: The news that Garfield has been shot and lay dying gave a greater shock to the public mind in England than anything we remember for many years. It was not so much like anger or pity as paralysis.

The feeling was perfectly inexplicable. The attempt seem to confirms the opinion pronounced by recent events that reckless violence is becoming a recognized agent in politics. That Pres. Garfield, a man of the people, sagacious, right-minded and blameless, should also be marked down for murder, added much to the consternation, but the more is known of the matter, we may allow ourselves to think a little less of it. To the President himself, since he is a good citizen, as well as a brave and considerate man, it must make some difference to know he owes his wound to the craze of a vain, half demented creature with brains muddled with politics, rather than to the calculations of political malice.

In the Commons to day Sir Stafford Northcote inquired concerning Gen. Garfield's condition, but the Government had received nothing beyond the published information.

Earl Granville, Foreign Secretary, sent special messages to the American Legation during the morning.

The Bishop of Manchester, preaching in the Cathedral on Sunday evening on "The Signs of the Times," said he had been startled to hear of the attempt on the life of Pres. Garfield. It would seem, he said, that Presidents are no safer in their modest mansions than the representatives of imperial despotism, encircled by thousands of guards. The world was out of order. Men did what they would. Unbridled appetite, unchecked lust, contempt of authority, and refusal to submit to the law, were the signs of the times. He left it to the conscience of his hearers whether they were healthy ones.

Gladstone's statement in the Commons to-day respecting the attempt on Garfield's life was as follows: "We cannot be surprised that the question has risen in regard to the inspiration of the outrage upon the President, the character of which is such as to attract the attention of the civilized world and which affects the feeling and welfare of the nation, which is not only friendly to us, but which is growing more friendly yearly. The public has been supplied with extraordinary rapidity with information of all the fluctuations of the terrible trial which the President has been called upon to endure."

In the House of Lords Earl Granville said the sympathy of all classes in England was increased every hour, and it was not less strong than that felt in America.

AT LIVERPOOL.

The local celebration of Independence Day at Liverpool was postponed. The Liverpool Courier says: "The American people will find their brethern can sympathize with them. No where in the world will this genuine and spontaneous sympathy be more sincere than in England, and nowhere in England more cordial than in Liverpool, whose pulse beats in unison with the trans-Atlantic people."

The Liverpool says: "The world holds its breath at the now scarcely conceivable development of the fatal homicidal mania which in so many directions encroached upon the security and amenity of public life. We learn from this dire event that lands where the popular voice selects their rulers are as accessible as others to this foul contagion."

AUSTRIA.

VIENNA, June 5—Immediately upon receipt here of the news of the attempt on Garfield's life, Austria instructed her representative at Washington to express her deep sympathy. Vienna newspapers agree in regarding the crime as unpolitical, although it may be indirectly the outcome of Garfield's opposition to corrupt rings. All papers speak eulogistically of the President's personal qualities.

FEELING IN FRANCE.

PARIS, July 4.—In the Chamber of Deputies to day several members will propose to adjourn until to-morrow, in order to mark the feeling of the House on the attempt to assassinate President Garfield. All the morning papers, like those published last evening, brand the attempt against the life of Garfield in the strongest terms. Several newspapers express the opinion that it was the work of a vulgar criminal, and only invested with importance by the high dignity of the victim.

GERMAN SYMPATHY.

BERLIN, July 4.—The National Gazette says: "The festival of the Fourth of July is turned into mourning. One of the best men who ever occupied the Presidential seat lies wounded by the hand of murder. The great Republic has indeed externally raised itself to a light unexampled in history. But however cautious one must be in pronouncing as to the motive of the crime which fills the world with horror, the assumption cannot be put aside that in this deed of blood there is brought to light symptoms of that internal malady which is eating into the very marrow of the State, and presents a fearful contrast to the outward appearance of success."

CANADIAN OPINION.

A Madman's Act.

TORONTO, July 5.—The Globe, in an article on the shooting of Pres. Garfield, says: "Such a deed cannot be without far-reaching and most patent results. In one sense it is of infinitely greater consequence than was the murder of Lincoln, for his life's work was virtually done. Garfield was at the threshold of his work when the madman Guiteau assaulted him. Were it not for the fact that Guiteau is clearly irresponsible for his acts—if it were possible to assign great political importance to the assassination—we should tremble for the future of the Republic; but while everybody will be chilled with horror at the senseless deed, everybody will soon recognize that Garfield's death will prove nothing but the depth of man's work, and it will hinder no cause except to the extent that an army, injured by the sudden withdrawal of a chief in whom every man, officer and private has confidence. No one man is indispensible to the United States. Everything—commerce, politics, national life—will experience a terrible shock as the result of Garfield's death; but the Nation will march to its destiny, whatever that may be."

BALLOTING AT ALBANY.

ALBANY, July 4.—Ballot for long term—Combined vote—Depew, 32; Kernan, 24; Cornell, 11; Crowley, 10; Voorhees, 1; North, 1; Fish, 1; Adams, 1, Lapham, 1; Platt, 1.

During this vote it was noticed that the Democrats did not vote. Alvord called for absentees and said that the members of this Convention in the shadow of the great calamity resting on the country, who sought to defeat the election of a United States Senator by refusing to vote were in contempt. Bagan said that if he believed he could defeat the election of a Republican Senator by withholding his vote he would withhold it.

Hurd stated he was paired with S. R. Welles, but he believed it was on the leading candidate, therefore if his vote was needed for a quorum he would vote. It was not found necessary for Hurd to vote. The Chair declared no choice had been made, and the Convention adjourned.

TUESDAY'S BALLOTS.

Combined vote—Potter, 47; Conkling, 31; Wheeler, 36; Cornell, 8; Lapham, 9; Polger, 1; Rogers, 3; Crowley, 6. No choice.

Long term—Combined vote—Depew, 48; Cornell, 15; Chapman, 3; Fish, 1; Wheeler, 2; Tremaine, 1; Kernan, 47; Crowley, 19; North, 1; Daniels, 1; Evarts, 1; Lapham, 1; Platt, 1. No choice.

The Convention proceeded to vote again for the short term:

Combined vote—Potter, 47; Wheeler, 36; Lapham, 9; Rogers, 3; Conkling, 31; Cornell, 8; Folger, 1; Crowley, 6. No choice.

Combined vote—Depew, 48; Cornell, 15; Chapman, 3; Wheeler, 24; Everts, 1; Platt, 1; Tremain, 1 Kernan, 47; Crowley, 19; Daniels, 1; North, 1; Fish, 1; Lapham, 1.

No choice.

A TIME TO MOURN.

Deserved Punishment of Some Who Rejoiced at the Attempted Murder.

DAYTON, July 3.—The inmates of the Soldiers' Home were greatly excited yesterday over one of their number remarking that he was glad that Garfield was dead, and rejoicing over his attempted assassination. He was set upon by his comrades and badly beaten and was subsequently court martialed being summarily discharged from the Home. They marched him out of camp at the bayonet point. His name is James McGuire.

A similar incident occurred in the City. The offender in the latter place was a stranger, but the beating he received will answer as a souvenir to remind him of his conduct.

AN ADVENTURESS.

A Woman Succeeds in Borrowing Large Sums by Representing Herself as an Heiress.

NEW YORK, July 2.—Mrs. Bertha Heyman, who has figured prominently at leading hotels in this City as an heiress to a vast fortune, and who has appeared several times in the courts on the charge of fraud, was arraigned before Recorder Smyth on two charges of obtaining money by false pretenses, and was committed to the Tombs without bail. The complainants are Charles Brant, a liquor dealer, and Theodore W. Morris, of Morris Co., importers and dealers in glass. At her request Mr. Brandt called upon her at the Gilsey House, where she pretended to draw a draft on Milwaukee for $8,500, and told Mr. Brandt that she was sole heiress to an estate in Poughkeepsie valued at $8,000,000. Her story was so plausible and circumstantial that Mr. Brandt lent her various sums, aggregating $960. Finally, he saw some expenses of her in a newspaper, and called upon her at the Hotel Brunswick, to which she had removed from the Gilsey House. She indignantly denied the charges against her, and promised to pay Mr. Brandt what she owed him. Soon afterward she disappeared. Mr. Morris charged that Mrs. Heyman borrowed $500 from him after pretending that she was about to buy some property he owned in Staten Island, and after making a draft on Milwaukee for $13,000, which was dishonored when presented. Mrs. Heyman said to day that her home is in Milwaukee, that her husband is now traveling, and that she has been arrested three times before, but had each time been acquitted.

DRIVEN AWAY BY BEES.

The Difficulty Experienced in Dispossessing Two Tenants.

NEW YORK, July 2.—Accompanied by two stalwart negroes, Constable Patrick Smith, of Newark, yesterday went to 77 Napoleon street to dispossess Chauncey L. S. Walker and John Glasser for non payment of rent. The negros began to tear up the counters in a workshop in the rear of the premises, when they disturbed a swarm of bees that had hived between the shelving and the walls. The bees made for the darkies, who scampered out and rushed down the street, fighting the little creatures off.

When the colored men stopped near Hensler's brewery they looked as if they had the smallpox. It was in vain that the constable importuned them to return. They would not enter the workshop again, and Smith, wrapping up his neck and face to prevent the attacks of the bees, was obliged to prosecute the work alone. The dispossessed tenants laughed heartily in their misfortune at the fun.

It was only after Smith had used a kettle of boiling water that he succeeded in driving out the bees.

FOWLER AND DELL.

Arkansas Revenue Officials in Deadly Combat.

LITTLE ROCK, July 2.—The Gazette's Fort Smith special says: "United States Marshal Valentine Dell was knocked down to day by Revenue Collector Fowler. The cause of the difficulty originated in an article which appeared in Dell's paper (the New Era) last week apparently referring to the ruin of a young lady who had resided in Fowler's family some time. Fowler, considering himself pointed out and identified with the scandal, at once called on Dell for a retraction in his next paper. The retraction did not come. Fowler met him coming down the steps to day leading from the Government inclosure. An altercation ensued, in which it is stated that Fowler knocked him down with a brickbat, stamped on his body, and then beat him over the head with a pistol which fell from Dell's pocket. Dell was carried bleeding and senseless to a room, where he now lies in an unconscious condition."

AN INFANT ROASTED ALIVE.

Three Children Locked Up With Matches for Plaything.

NEW YORK, July 2.—On last Monday morning Mrs. Caroline Motz, the wife of a German woodturner, left her three children, one a boy of six years, the other two years old, and a baby of eight months, locked up in her apartments on the top floor of No. 46 Thompson street. At about 2 o'clock some of the neighbors heard the Motz children screaming loudly, and, bursting open the door, found the cradle in which the infant was lying on fire and the child's clothing burning.

The fire was soon put out and the burning clothes torn from the body of the infant which had been terribly burned. When questioned as to how the fire occurred, the elder boy said he had been playing with matches around the baby's cradle and had applied a lighted match to the mosquito netting over the cradle, which had caught fire and communicated to the bedding. The infant died of the burns yesterday.

Miss Nellie Hubbard, who married the family coachman, may be interested in knowing that her papa, the ex-Governor, just paid $50 for the first salmon caught in the Connecticut River this year. Had she ignored the man she loved, and sold herself to some one else, she might have got a bite of that salmon. As it is, she must be contented with bread and cheese and kisses.—*Philadelphia News* philosophizing. Well, hasn't she the best of it after all? Come, now, honest injun.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

IT'S IRIDIUM!

What Electric Light Experimenters Have Been Looking For.

No More Carbon Points—The New Metal Iridium is the Thing.

Cincinnati Gazette.

Much has been said and written concerning that gas exterminating invention the electric light, and the matter is one in which many men of science are interested. Hence, the relation of the facts concerning any new discovery is hailed with interest and read with avidity. It was principally the latter reason, aside from his own curiosity in the matter, that led a *Gazette* reporter to visit Mr. John Holland's jewelry store, West Fourth Street, last night to see the working of what is known as the iridium electric lamp, which was then being exhibited to the public, or at least that portion which either business or the pleasure of an evening promenade called to that favored thoroughfare.

The iridium lamp differs only in one respect from the Maxim lamp now in use in front of the Florentine Hotel, but in the end the difference is a vast one. In the electric lamp in use up to the present time both the positive and negative electrodes are of carbon, while being a very poor conductor of the electric current, is likewise susceptible to heat, burning away very fast under the intense heat induced by the tremendous current passing through it when the machine is in operation. In the iridium lamp the positive electrode is of carbon and the negative of iridium. The way in which it came to attract attention was as follows: Mr. John Holland was engaged for a number of years in experimenting to find some method by which he might be enabled to fuse iridium. After a long time he was successful in his efforts; but it was found that the composition, as it then was, would melt readily, owing to the amount of phosphorus it had retained from the fusing process. At that juncture, Prof. Dudley, of the Ohio Medical College, took the matter in hand to see if, by some process, he could not separate the phosphorus and iridium, making it again non-fusible and prepared for use. The means by which he attained his end were fully set forth in a lecture which he delivered, and which was published in the *Gazette* at the time.

While the above good work was going on, experiments with the electric light were being made in the Ohio Medical College, wherein an attempt was made to substitute platinum for the negative carbon electrode, but it was found to melt too readily to be of any lasting use. The attention of Mr. W. M. Thomas, a young photographer in the gallery of Van Loo, who for a number of years past had been attracted to the platinum researches, was directed to these experiments, and the question at once arose in his mind, why not try iridium? With that end in view he sought Prof. Dudley, and asked him for a small piece of the metal, which was given him and he departed, only to return in a short time with a statement of what he had found, and the two went to work together, Mr. Sam Skinner also giving his assistance, and the iridium lamps are the result.

In conversation with Prof. Dudley he stated that they were experimenting in their shop, where the steam pressure only gave their machine an impetus of 900 revolutions per minute. With both positive and negative electrodes of carbon they obtained no light at all, but that immediately the carbon point gave place to the iridium a light of several hundred candle power was obtained. And why? As before stated, carbon is a poor conductor, and a powerful current must be induced to have any effect at all. On the contrary, iridium gives free passage to the current, in that way saving at least 40 per cent. of electricity, and it is claimed that with the same amount of power seven iridium lamps can be used, where by the old way the current will feed only five. Indeed, some enthusiastic scientists claim double the number of iridium lamps for the same power, but Prof. Dudley is modest, and says that he decided it seven to five in favor of the new light. The iridium point is indestructible, whereby a great expense is saved. But the most important point is this: The point of light always remains in the same place, making what is known as a focusing lamp, and can be used with a reflector without the use of additional and intricate machinery. That is, in the carbon lamp, as the negative pole, which is below, burns off and consequently sinks down, it is followed by the positive pole, which is above, so that if used on a headlight the effectiveness of the reflector would be soon lost. In the new lamp, however, the negative iridium pole is stationary, and the positive pole, as it burns off, falls continually down. In order to obtain a stationary or focusing light in the old light it was necessary to construct clockwork machinery, which constantly pushed the negative pole to its place. There is also a decided difference in the light, the new having none of that peculiar blue tinge, and is besides much softer to the eye. Nor does it flicker and flare like the old light. The new improvement is certainly a gigantic stride toward perfection. The same machine is employed in producing the current as was used with the old lamp.

STICK WITH CARE.

A New Fashion in Postage Stamps that Certainly Ought to be Discouraged.

New York Sun.

"A red 2 cent stamp and a blue 1 cent stamp, in place of the usual 3-cent stamp, are quite the rage now in fashionable correspondence. Young ladies are much given over to their use. The red and the blue on the white background are said to symbolize union."—*Fashion Note.*

"Whew!" said Supt. Van Pelt, of the Post office, as he heard the announcement. "I hope that isn't so. I wonder if those young ladies ever stop to think what trouble they make. Now, suppose everybody took a fancy to the blue and red stamps. We send out an average say of 450,000 domestic letters a day, not counting those that come from stations. Every stamp is canceled separately. With two stamps on each letter, the cancelers would be obliged to strike 450,000 extra blows. Now it's see. A man's hand, in passing from the letter to the ink pad and back, goes over a space of at least eight inches. On 450 000 letters a man's hand—give me that piece of paper—would travel over 4 600,000 inches. Divide by 12, and you have 300,000 feet. Divide again by 5 280, and you have nearly 57 miles. That's as far as from here to Trenton. That's one day's journey of a man's hand. The second day the hand would be past Philadelphia. In a week it would be over toward Pittsburg, and in a little more than 14 months that hand would circumnavigate the world, like Cyrus W. Field. Think of it! What a vast waste of force! I haven't taken into account, either, the extra work of the men who sell the stamps, or that of the people who lick them and put them on the letters. But let us suppose that the tearing off, licking and sticking of such stamp takes half a minute. That's 450 000 half minutes, or 225,000 minutes. There are 1 440 minutes in a day. Now divide. That makes 156⅔ days' time put in on each day's mail. Now, in a year—Must you go? Well, good-bye! Try to discourage that fashion."

NEW ORLEANS, June 21, 1881.

The undersigned certifies that he held for collection (or account of Salomon Apfel, Agent Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co., No. 574 West Eighth street, Cincinnati, O., one-tenth of ticket No. 3,631, single number Class "F," in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the second capital prize of Fifty Thousand Dollars ($50,000,) on Tuesday, June 14th, 1881, said ticket having cost the sum of one dollar at the office of M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., and that the amount was promptly paid by a check on the Louisiana National Bank, on presentation of the ticket at the office of the Company.

CHAS. O. DE LIRAUDAIS,
Runner Mutual National Bank,
No. 158 St. Louis street, New Orleans.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO, WEDNESDAY.

In New York during the week money was easy most of the time at 3@3½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper 5@5½. Government is generally steady and firm. State securities in fair request. The stock market started a little irregular in the beginning of the week, but became stronger subsequently with a firm tone and considerable activity. On Saturday the market was quite active, until the news was received of the attempted assassination of President Garfield, when a slight weakening set in. When the dispatches were received that the President was dead there was a further weakening, but afterward, when it was known that he was alive, a better feeling prevailed, and at the close most of the decline had been recovered.

The customs receipts at Washington on Monday amounted to $578,448 and the internal revenue receipts to $643,884. The Treasurer received $139,000 in National bank notes for redemption; the total of such receipts for the week, compared with the same week of 1880, being as follows:

	1880.	1881.
New York	$ 630,000	$ 872,000
Boston	75,000	200,000
Philadelphia	99,000	180,000
Miscellaneous	429,000	600,000
Total	$1,224,000	$1,500,000

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 3@3½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper at 5@5½ per cent. Bar silver, 113¾c. Exchange steady; actual business, $4.84 for long and $4.86 for sight. Government Bonds weak and ⅛@⅜ lower. State Bonds dull. Railroad Bonds in light request. Stocks opened strong and in early dealings there was a very general advance ranging ⅛@1¼ per cent., but speculation soon became weak and the improvement entirely lost, while in some cases there was a slight decline from the opening prices.

Government bonds—1881, coupons, 103@103¼; new fives, coupons, 103¼@103⅝; new four-and-a-halfs, coupons, 114¾@115, new fours, registered, 116⅝@117; Pacific 6s of 95, 130 bid.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thr	Frid	Sat
Old Tennessee's	*	75	75	75½	75	75
New Tennessee's	....	75	75½	75	75	75
Old Virginia's	....	29	29	29	28	28
Va. cons. 5's pd	....	17	17	17	17	17
Missouri 6's	....	115½	115	115	115	115
Louisiana 7's	....	64	63½	63½	63½	63½

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat
U. S. 1881	*	103	103	103¼	103¼	103¼
U. S. 5's, new	....	103¼	103⅝	103⅝	103⅝	103¼
U. S. new 4½'s	....	114⅞	115	115	115	114⅞
U. S. new 4's	....	117¾	117⅝	118	117¾	117¾
Sterling, sight	....	485	485	486	485	485
Sterling, 60 days	....	484	484	483¾	484	484
Pacific 6's of '95	....	130	130	130	130	130

* Holiday.

The statement of the Associated banks of New York for the week is as follows:

Loans, increase	$5,000 400
Specie, decrease	670,900
Legal tenders, decrease	880,600
Deposits, increase	2,820,600
Circulation, increase	32,500
Reserve, decrease	1,057,100
Surplus reserve, decrease	2,360,200

The Banks now hold $4,011,350 in excess of legal requirements.

The results of the fiscal year ended June 30, 1881, are eminently satisfactory to the people of the United States, and indicate the remarkable prosperity which the country is enjoying. One of the most notable features of the year's work is a reduction in the national debt of $101,578,483, the largest reduction of any year since 1870, and fully as large as for the four years from June 30, 1875, to June 30, 1879. The reduction for the year ended June 30, 1880, was over $85,000,000, so that in two years our public debt has been decreased over $186,000,000.

The reports of the foreign commerce of the United States are also most favorable. The official returns have been prepared for the 11 months ended May 31 only, but the figures are sufficient to indicate the immense volume of business that the country is doing. For the 11 months the aggregate exports amounted to $838,890,344, while for the same period in 1880 they were only $760,506,334, a difference in favor of 1881 of over $75,000,000. Our imports decreased from $667,140,182 in 1880 to $585,451,389 in 1881, or over $23,700,000, so that the balance of trade in our favor was greater this year than last by $99,000,000. The increase in excess of exports over imports is due partly to a very large movement of manufactured articles from our ports, and partly to the general decrease in prices of goods imported here. The movement of coin and bullion for the 11 months resulted in an excess of imports over exports of $22,190,812 against 75,713,331 last year, or a gain of over $46,000,000. One feature of the specie movement is that the net imports of gold were $5,268,718 more than the net imports of specie, that amount of silver being exported to take the place of gold imported. A similar substitution of $1,258,929 of gold for silver occurred in the 11 months of 1880.

DRY GOODS.

The New York Economist and Dry Goods Reporter says: "This week closes the six months of the present year. To say that they have been most important ones to our dry goods interests but faintly outlines their bearing. The doubt, misgiving and anxiety manifest in their earlier and middle portions, have happily given way to hopefulness and confidence, and the result is that at their close we find both the cotton and woolen goods markets, as well as that for the raw materials, in a most satisfactory condition. Desirable cottons and woolens are not only sold close up and ahead of the production of the looms, but selling values on the same are firm, steady and upward in tendency, with a very large and active trade in prospect in the near future. Manufacturers and commission merchants have much cause for congratulation on the final outcome of the first half of the year. They enter upon the remaining six months with renewed hope and confidence, and with the best assurances of a successful and prosperous season. They certainly can celebrate with more fervency and content our 5th of July holiday, as it finds the whole country in the full tide of prosperity, and all its varied business interests active and healthful in the extreme. The exodus of dry goods men to the mountain, glen and seaside for the next few days will afford them a much-needed respite. They will return invigorated in both mind and body, and thus be better able to grapple with the probably large and active business which awaits them. The six months' balance sheet now being taken may not in many instances make as profitable a showing as could be wished, in view of the depressed condition of the market in the earlier part of the year. Yet the reform which of late has taken place in both cottons and woolens, we trust, will have more than obviated this, and on the whole make a very satisfactory exhibit on the profit side of the ledger."

WOOL.

The Boston Wool Circular of Harding, Martin & Co. says of the Wool market: The business of the week indicates a steady demand and a firm market here, but in the interior the excitement has considerably subsided, and most buyers now decline to pay the high prices asked and many of them have withdrawn from the market. There is still considerable wool selling in Ohio at 40c ⅌ lb., but the business is confined principally to sections where medium wools are to be found, and of these wools some of our large delaine mills are free buyers. There is nothing that would warrant the purchase of fine wools at 40c, as they could not be turned over in Eastern markets except at a loss now or for some weeks to come. In Michigan very little has been done, but the bulk of the Michigan clip has been bought up. The condition of the Michigan wool is said to be superior, if anything better than the clip of last year, which was equal to anything produced in that State. From San Francisco, Georgia, Texas and other points there is the same firm feeling previously noticed, but there is evidently less disposition to operate at extreme figures, and there is now a fair prospect that prices on the seaboard and in the interior will become more equalized.

The sales of the week indicate prices as follows: Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces, X and XX, 43@45c; Michigan X, 40@41c; Ohio medium and No. 1, 45c; fine combing and delaine, 45@46c; Territory, 16@32½; unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces, 19@35c; California spring, 24@36c; California fall, 19½@35c; super and Xpulled, 34@44c; scoured, 40@80c; sales.—@—c.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The boot and shoe trade in Boston was not quite as active as on the previous week, many buyers having gone home to remain over the Fourth. The manufacturers are all busy on contracts, and will have sufficient to keep them going until into September. Western jobbers' salesmen on among their retail customers are taking good orders. In New York some slight improvement was noticed, the favorable weather giving some impetus to the retail demand. The manufacturers have a moderate amount of orders on hand. Trade in Philadelphia has been quiet. The salesmen that are traveling report encouraging prospects ah